THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

{ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2028.}

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumber your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again;—
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone—
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumbers soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song—
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;—
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Rome, Italy, May 1860.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT WARREN.

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

JEALOUSY. THE SECRET LISTENER.

Having become extremely skillful in the management of the infernal machine, the practice of which had cost him so much of his time, the Dane waited for his revenge. Mr. St. Lemoine and Della often spent several days at Government House. The Governor's lady, recently arrived in the colonies, had formed a strong attachment for the beautiful girl. On one of these occasions, Manuel took the opportunity of paying a short visit to Berbice, and while there he travelled into the interior and purchased fresh wourali poison from the tribes who make it in the greatest perfection.

It is generally known that the wourali poison of South America is the deadliest in the world, and that its preparation is always a mysterious, sometimes a dangerous operation. It is generally made in a hut newly erected, and the Indian who presides must be of some note among his tribe. He is provided with wourali vine, a bitter root, and two kinds of bulbous plants, containing a green and glutinous juice. To these are added two species of ants, one very large, black, and extremely venomous, the other red, minute, with a sting like a nettle. He then obtains some strong Indian pepper, which grows wild—the fangs of a labarri snake—of all snakes the most poisonous—and those of the connaschoncile, and pounds them together, producing a fine powder. After boiling and straining, a liquor comes that looks exactly like thick coffee. It is then boiled again—the scum being carefully taken off, until it is reduced to a deep, brown-colored syrup.

The shed under which this poison is made is then pronounced polluted, and abandoned forever after, and the making of the wourali is considered a dangerous and gloomy operation.

This horrible decoction it was that Manuel procured. It was the strongest and the most effectual, the Indians said, that they had ever made, and would produce death in man or beast in three seconds.

The Dane seemed now to breathe more freely. He lost the repulsive cast of countenance that was becoming habitual to him, and even smiled, though scornfully enough, at Lieutenant Warren's jests.

Della came from Government House in high spirits. It had been like a carnival the whole time, dancing, feasting, and flirting. She brought home rich laces, and valuable goods, and two or three dress-makers. Notwithstanding she professed to have enjoyed herself so thoroughly, she grew silent in a day or two, and was more reserved than usual in the presence of Lieutenant Warren, while he, usually so gay, seemed as subdued as herself.

"Are we to have a wedding here?" asked Professor Vance, of Manuel, whom he found lounging in the veranda, one extremely hot summer's day.

"A wedding!" exclaimed the Dane, in consternation.

"So I should judge from the news communicated by Earl Tracy. He says it is considered a settled thing in town, that Lieutenant Warren and Miss Della are engaged. I thought by the preparations going on here, that the wedding was to come off soon."

Manuel caught his breath, and for a moment his handsome face grew livid, but conquering the wild emotion that sent the blood surging through his heart, he answered that he thought it was only a rumor.

"Oh! something more than that, I am certain," said the professor, with a smile mournful, that it made his face more fascinating than ever. "As for me," he added, with a sigh, that betrayed more than he wished to be known, "I must not linger here—I must off to the forest, and seek in its solitude and my glorious occupation—" he paused, turned away, and for a moment walked rapidly back and forth, stopping a few moments after, and exclaiming, "they are a handsome couple, sir, and I judge"—he lowered his voice—"I *hope* he is worthy of her."

"He is not," exclaimed Manuel, "his lips trembling with passion, "never shall he bear her to his bridal chamber."

"Take care, my friend—hasty words as well as actions, are repented of at leisure. I read your secret—have long read it; you love this peerless creature—alas! she enslaves all hearts."

Manuel stood as if struck with astonishment; it was impossible to mistake the professor's meaning. Was he, this nobly gifted man, towering so much above ordinary men—was he, too, led captive by the artless beauty of the planter's daughter? Manuel did not want to hate *him*; he had often said in his heart—"I do not want to hate you; so be careful how you look upon the jewel that I covet;" and, before, he had never dreamed of the truth. Now he felt an instinctive rising of dislike, a black envy. It was thus towards all upon whom he feared Della might look with favor. He had cherished his passion, his jealousy, his sensitive and concealed pride, till they had made a monomaniac of him. He turned abruptly away, half struggling with the prejudice that had come over him.

Meanwhile Earl Tracy had declared himself to Della, and been refused. He, seeing how matters stood, stooped to a companionship he had before sneered at. He courted Manuel. He read the strange, undisciplined, savage nature of the jealous Dane, and he fed the fire of his hate with fuel that made the flame leap hotter and fiercer. He told him in confidence, of how many cruel jests he had been made the object—that among the officers in town he was the butt of ridicule.

"Now, my dear fellow, I don't like to tell you this," he said, resting his white glove with a delicate tapping touch on Manuel's shoulder; "egad! I didn't think 'twould make you turn so white, either; but methinks if you heard him laugh over your 'grand passion,' as he chooses to call it, with a sneering laugh, you know—and if you could hear how delicately he turns her pretty phrases into stinging contempt—but hold, sir, hold! You look very frightful, on my honor; I hope I have not done injury to your feelings."

"My feelings," hissed Manuel, his lips livid, his eyes glaring, "what are my feelings? Have stones hearts? Have trees tongues? Has the serf a soul? My feelings! oh! perdition!" and he glared and panted in a terrible way.

"Really, I—I"—stuttered Earl Tracy, alarmed at the tempest he had evoked.

"The hound!" cried Manuel, between his set teeth; "the black perjured, lying hound! To make me a jest, a by-word among his crew!"

At that moment the object of his hate came riding gaily up the avenue, graceful as a young Adonis; his eyes turned smilingly towards an open window where Della sat. As she saw him, he lifted his plumed hat in white gloved fingers, and made a low salutation that spoke love and homage—then, turning his head, he observed Manuel, and for the first time seemed startled out of his military composure at sight of a visage that glared unmistakeable hatred upon him. In another moment his lip curled to a scornful smile, and giving his horse in keeping of the groom, he hurried to join his betrothed.

He found her alone. Professor Vance had been walking back and forth, a moment before, regarding her with stealthy glances, and she had said to herself, perhaps, "How nobly beautiful he was!" and it might be she chanced once to wish that she had seen and known him before she met Lieutenant Warren. But the wish or regret, if there were either, was but momentary. Another second, and the professor had left the room, to resume his walk and his meditations in his own chamber.

The lovers sat and chatted together in the veranda. The moonlight was so vivid, one might read by its white rays. Not long after, a messenger rode up in hot haste with a letter for the Lieutenant, saying that it came with the government dispatches, and his Excellency, thinking it might be of importance, had sent it to the Everglades. The lieutenant hurried into the drawing-room to read it by the light of an astral. It was sealed and edged with black.

Somewhat unnerved, he opened it, but did not notice Manuel, who, absorbed in gloomy meditation, lay stretched, face downward, on one of the lounges, in a niche where it was impossible to recognize him, unless the position of the light were changed.

Della had followed, anxiously, and now stood at the door, perplexed at the changes that passed over the countenance of her lover. There seemed a blending of sorrow and pride in the handsome features, yet the sorrow seemed not genuine, while the triumph or pride was unmistakeable.

"Della," he said, turning gravely towards her, his face growing cold, and almost impassive, "I have lost my only brother—Lord Henry Warren. This letter brings the news; also, that my presence is immediately required in England."

"I am sorry for you," said Della, softly; "very sorry."

"He was a good brother, and yet I know but little about him. He was sixteen when I was born—much too well grown to notice me—and married at twenty, so he has seemed almost a stranger to me. But I am sure my parents are in great trouble; they doted on him."

"And you must really hurry off to England," said Della, her voice unsteady, as she came closer to his side.

"Yes, my love. Do you not see that this loss makes a great difference in my position? you are aware that, as my father's heir to the title and estates, I am no longer plain Charles Warren."

She stood off a little way, breathless.

"I had not thought of that," she murmured, somewhat sadly; "then you are Lord Charles Warren, now?"

"Men will so address me," he replied; "but to you, Della, I am to be, still, only Charles. And, Della,"—he drew her towards him—"I am going to ask a very great favor of you. It is that you let me call you by the sweet name of wife, before I go. I have important reasons for making such a request, so, if your good father consents, will you not say yes."

"To leave my father! to go to England!" she murmured.

"Nay, dearest, you need not go yet, if you do not wish. I will not ask so much of you; but I am anxious to say to my parents, 'I have married one every way worthy of your love, and you must prepare to receive her with open arms.' They may have formed some other plans for me, but when they know I am married, of course they will have nothing further to say."

"He had placed his arm around her; he now drew her closer to him, unknowing that two flaming eyes shot stealthy glances from [illegible] preparing for him something very different from a bridal couch.

Her head lay on his shoulder, and her silence seemed assent. Manuel's frame quivered from head to foot as he saw the man he hated bend towards her lips, and imprint a kiss upon them. He arose slowly as they went from the room, glaring after them like a tiger, and with a stealthy motion, followed, saw them walk forth into the pleasant moonlight, then stole to his chamber, from which he crept a few moments afterward with a guilty step, and a face blanched of all its color.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOURALI.

As Della and the (now) young Lord Warren walked up the glistening avenue, a figure moved warily, concealed by the shade—following them, intent upon a terrible deed. The two approached the mango grove, and there, charmed by the beauty of the night, they paused, looking up to the shining tops of the distant palm trees. His arm encircled her waist, and she leaned trustingly against him.

"You will never love the tamer scenery of cold England as you have these beautiful groves," said the young man.

"I was very happy there," replied Della, with some emotion in her voice.

"And you shall be very happy there again, if in aught I can contribute to that blessing," was his response. "My mother, Lady Warren, belongs to the old school of aristocracy, but she loves innocence and beauty better than the punctilious forms of etiquette, and I am sure her heart will lean towards you as to an own child. You will be pleased with our home—an Englishman's castle—capacious, and with some pretensions to elegance in its architecture, though by no means so imposing as your father's mansion. Ah! dearest, how little I thought when I first came here, and to while away my time, instructed your father's secretary—poor Manuel, the Dane—that I should find so lovely a companion to walk hand-in hand with me through life. Why did you start so violently, Della? and you look pale; what is the matter?"

"I thought I heard a footstep," said Della, somewhat agitated; "and oh, Charles," she added hurriedly, "there is something on my mind which I must tell you. I would have told you before, but I feared you would laugh at me."

She paused, trembling a little, but her companion reassured her.

"It is—it is this: I am subject to—our family, on my mother's side, I have learned, are subject to visitations of a supernatural kind; there I have told you, and the burden is off my mind."

"Well, dearest," he replied, laughingly, "is that all? Perhaps I can match your confession—for last night, waking at a singular noise, I fancied I saw an unearthly figure standing near my door, and a hollow voice said—'beware.' Now, I was very anxious, after I had shaken myself, to believe the whole thing was but the effect of a too vivid dream, but, if it will reconcile you any more to your spiritual company, I am willing to call it a spectral visitation. Indeed, the voice sounded as clear and distinct as mine does at this moment, only it had a slight sepulchral tinge."

"Oh! Charles, you frighten me," cried Della, quite terrified; "what if, through linking my fate with yours, I bring you under the same fearful ban! For worlds I would not! Have you told me all this to reconcile me? It is very foolish and childish of me, I suppose; but it has just the contrary effect. Indeed, I feel as if this very walk were haunted;" and she gazed around her with a pale face.

"By good beings, then, my Della, while you are here. Shall I tell you that I am skeptical upon these subjects? I do not believe the spiritual world has ever yet been made visible to mortal eyes, and—I am quite certain——"

A hissing sound issued apparently from the trunks of the huge trees that lined the avenue. It seemed to Della's excited fancy something supernatural.

"Let us hurry from here," she exclaimed, in low, excited tones, and hastening forward a few steps. "Quickly, quickly! my heart is faint with apprehension."

At that moment Lieutenant Warren sprang forward. Della caught his hand; she saw by the moonlight the pallor of his face. "What is it? what has happened?" she cried in extreme terror.

"I—I believe—I—am—stung," faltered the young man, his countenance changing.

"Stung? Where? When? How cold your hand is! What do you mean, dear Charles?"

Her white cheek was pressed against his shoulder.

"I—have no power—to—support you—to lift my hand. I—am stung—in my neck—some spider or—scorpion—I am faint—if I had wine—a little wine! Don't be frightened, Della," he gasped; "it—is nothing—only my strength is gone—sleep—sleep—deep sleep—," and whispering, his voice and strength exhausted, his words growing to inarticulate murmurs, he fell gradually back against the trunk of the tree.

Della stood for one moment, as if changed into stone; then, with a succession of quick, sharp cries, she flung her arms wildly over her head, and flew along the path toward the house, calling in the most anguished, imploring tones for help.

No sooner had she disappeared than some one emerged from the shadow of the mango grove, approached the dead man, stooped cautiously—apparently removed something from the side of his throat with a wild, hurried motion—muttered a few harsh, vindictive words, and, gliding noiselessly towards the house, entered it unperceived just as the servants, incredulous, rushed for the mango avenue.

Mr. St. Lemoine stood over Della, who had fallen in a fainting fit, and Rose and Klau were endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. By all these unobserved, Manuel crept stealthily up the stairs, gaining his own chamber, where, never again to spend an hour unaccompanied by the awful pangs of remorse, he threw himself upon a couch, his whole soul in arms, his whole frame for the time convulsed with mortal terror.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANE'S REMORSE.

"Dear lamb!" cried old Klau, her tears falling.

"Hush!—she is coming to," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as Della opened her eyes and moved them languidly from face to face.

The servants having now returned with the body of the lieutenant, Mr. St. Lemoine beckoned them to bear him into the opposite room, but Della, springing from the couch on which she had lain prostrate, flew from her father's arms and knelt down by the side of the young man, so lately full of life and hope.

"Not dead! father," she cried, lifting her imploring eyes to his face; "oh! not dead. How still he lies! how white his lips are—and his eyes! oh! father—father! it looks like death."

They had sent into town for a physician; he came—saw the body—shook his head—there had been no life for some time, he said, and proceeded to question Della. She recounted tremblingly—her lips pale, her cheeks deathly white—the expression he had used—"I think I am stung!" also the impression he seemed to have that it was a spider or a scorpion.

"If he stood under a tree," said the doctor, "he might have been struck by the conocuchi or bush-master; but in that case immediate inflammation would have supervened, as it would also if it had been a poisonous spider. It is a very singular case, for most assuredly life is gone, and yet I see nothing on the neck that would indicate a poisonous wound."

Alarmed by the confusion, the professor left his room and hurried below stairs. What was his consternation to see the man he had parted from, so smiling and secure in health, but an hour before, stretched rigid and white, while Della, supported by her father, hung over the body in an agony of sorrow.

"This is dreadful!" he exclaimed.

"Dreadful, indeed, sir," returned the physician—"a case unparalleled in all the extent of my practice. If he had been but slightly indisposed—if any fever had hung about him, I might have been able to come to some satisfactory conclusion, but he appears to have been struck down in perfect health. You will notice that there is not the slightest distortion of feature, as if he had died in pain. Only the muscles appear contracted, as if from extreme physical weakness. Very singular, indeed—very singular. My friend," he added, speaking to Mr. St. Lemoine, "look to your daughter—this scene is too much for her."

"Oh! don't take me away, father—let me stay with him—at least till they restore him. He cannot be dead, I think," she gasped, gazing with glassy, hopeless eyes toward the doctor—"I think he cannot be dead! Oh! his poor mother!—his mourning family!—two sons—their only ones! Father—you *don't* think he is dead."

"Della," whispered Mr. St. Lemoine, "leave our poor friend with the doctor, if indeed there may be life," he added to soothe her, "he can tell by a more careful examination."

They made preparations to carry the body up stairs. The servants affected great horror, and protested so earnestly against touching it that Manuel was sent for. Cowering in his chamber he listened to the knock on his door and the demand of the porter who came up after him.

There was no light in the room, but every object was visible by the rays of the moon. He opened the door, striving in vain to steady his nerves.

"Young Lieutenant Warren, sir—he dead down stairs—massa sent me to come tell you help lift him to the room up stairs, sir."

"Great heaven! dead, did you say?" exclaimed Manuel, his voice shaking. He had been indulging a vague hope that the poison had not taken effect. It was horrible to view himself a murderer.

"Yes, sir, dead as a door post. Massa said won't you come down directly, sir, help carry the body—can't hire none of us—we's Congos and mighty 'fraid to touch anybody that's died mysterious."

"Me—*me* help carry the body?" exclaimed Manuel, in a low, awe-struck tone, stepping back as he spoke.

"Lawe, yes, sir—don't do no harm to white men—make Congos mighty sick, though. Spoze you'll come, sir."

"Tell him I'm not well," said Manuel, in a muffled voice, "say that I have—stop; come back here; I'll be down in a minute say—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, and hurried away.

With mingled awe and terror, Manuel prepared to undertake his fearful duty. Swallowing some spirits to fortify himself, and walking back and forth striving to hide all traces of agitation, he, after a few moments, hurried down the stairs, and entered the room, not with glances of feigned but real horror, though his expressions were counterfeit.

"What does this mean?" he cried, looking from one to the other.

"It means that your prediction came true sooner than you looked for it," said the professor, whose thoughts had been running on Manuel. The latter started, cast a scrutinising glance on the professor, whose calm, impenetrable face he could not read, while the guilty blood surged over his face.

"I little thought of this," he murmured, controlling himself by a violent effort, "how do they account for it? What could have caused it?"

"That is not yet known," replied the other. "The physician is confident that he could not have died in a fit, yet there is no wound that a poisonous insect could have given. He complained of being stung in the neck—it is really a mysterious thing—and awful, exceedingly awful! To think!—one hour ago he stood in yonder room, apparently in the full flush of health—but the doctor says there is no doubt of his death—yes, the limbs are already stiffening. We cannot get the negroes to touch the body, so you and I and the doctor will have to carry it up where it can be examined to better advantage. You are quite overcome, are you not?" he added, looking at Manuel; "your hands shake and your cheeks are pallid."

"I—I am truly overcome," stuttered Manuel, on whom a sudden terror had fallen as he felt himself in close proximity to the unfortunate lieutenant, and remembered what lies he had severed, that more hearts than Della's would mourn over this shocking event—and that

forever on his soul was the stigma of blood-guiltiness.

What emotions were his as he was directed to lift *the head* while Professor Vance and the physician took the body; how the flesh, growing ice cold, paralysed his nerves, so that the neck appeared to turn and the face to writhe under his touch. And when the body was deposited on the bed—and passing from the room, he heard the low moans and sobs of Della, his knees refused to support him, he tottered and leaned against the wall for support. Everywhere he read his guilt in characters of fire. His soul so penetrated with evil that he could calmly dwell upon the intended accomplishment of the atrocious deed, now seemed the abode of accusing fiends who tortured him almost to madness.

"And what, after all, is my gain?" he asked himself, fiercely; "what have I done, save to satisfy this feverish thirst for vengeance? Have I accomplished the purpose for which I have schemed? Strive as I will, am I any nearer to Della St. Lemoine, than I have ever been? Is not the difference in our station just the same as ever?"

But even while these feelings possessed him, a strange hope took root in his heart—a wild, mad hope, that for the time made him oblivious of his remorse.

What he could not gain by direct assault, he might obtain by some other well timed stratagem—and what he wished to gain, was the hand of Della St. Lemoine. At all events—one obstacle was out of the way—Lieutenant Warren could never possess the idol of his soul. As he gloated over this thought, there came to his mind the insults, the innuendoes, the triumphant malice of the man who could never insult or triumph over him again, and he almost gloried in the result of his terrible scheme, while these feelings had possession of him.

CHAPTER XI.

DEADLY WORSHIP. THE STORY OF A VISITATION.

The next day came the Governor and his suite, and all the officers from the garrison. People were perplexed with the mystery of the death for which the medical men, after the strictest investigation, could not account. The body of the young nobleman was treated as became his rank; and at the first convenient opportunity conveyed to England, as that would undoubtedly be the wish of his bereaved family.

Della was too ill to attend the services at the house, or even to see the corpse. According to the custom in the colonies of British Guiana, the young lord was placed in a coffin, covered with white silk velvet, and delicately embroidered. The handles and plate were of gold. Flowers were placed in wreaths at the head and foot of the corpse, and his sword, a weapon of exquisite workmanship, lay sheathed upon the coffin.

A great *cortege* followed the hearse, for the extraordinary circumstances of his death had drawn thither curious as well as sympathising crowds. Sadly moved that long procession, on that summer's afternoon. The sun was veiled by clouds—slow and solemn the music sounded from the colonial band—and thus instead of the bridal rejoicings anticipated so soon, the heavy plumes of the funeral hearse and the *tap of the muffled drum made eye and ear* sad. Tidings were sent to England, and in the return letter, came the announcement that Lady Warren had died of grief soon after the receipt of the missive informing her of her son's decease.

For many mournful weeks, Della moved pale and sorrowful about the great house, and, perhaps, because Manuel had once been intimate for a long period of time with her unfortunate lover—she seemed to seek solace in his society. Doubtless he appeared more than ever like a brother, now that in her bereavement she had neither mother nor sister in whose sympathising bosoms to pour out her grief. The Professor, taking a hurried leave of the family, had finally started for the interior, accompanied by his guide, and several servants, bearing cases and instruments. It had long been his intention to go up the Essequibo, and penetrate into the mountains—a tour which might possibly take him six months to accomplish. Perhaps there had been raised sweet and eager hopes in his breast, since the unfortunate calamity so mysterious and so fatal. When he said farewell to Della, Manuel noted that a tenderness came over his whole manner, that even to him seemed irresistibly fascinating, and he breathed more freely when he had gone.

And now Della depended on the Dane for much of her sad recreation. The relation which it was understood she bore toward the deceased for a while kept the house desolate; her grief was respected, though more than one heart beat high with hope. Manuel, therefore, when her father could not, accompanied her in her walks, and she, calling on him momently for trifling attentions, unconsciously strengthened his mad passion, which she deemed for ever conquered. She had never known its strength. For hours he would sit near her, a silent worshiper. It mattered not that he knew or could guess whither her thoughts tended. The abstracted vision, the prolonged sigh, were more eloquent than words. Then she would call upon him to play for her. Books were opened where he who lay sleeping had last used them; songs that were marked by his touch and his pencil, mutely asked for, and as she sat aside, listening with tear filled eyes, it was not difficult to make that form before the instrument appear like another's. Manuel was tall, and exquisitely graceful when he tried to please. His appearance, when sitting or standing, with his face from her, was very similar to that of the young lieutenant.

But it was hard for Manuel, when at last she began to talk of him—the buried one. Ah! little she knew how every word she said harrowed his very soul; how it brought before him, in damning characters, the accusation of his guilt.

Yet all that, and more, he could have borne, rather than she should be silent. Every little condescending action of hers, every sweetly appealing glance or request, but strengthened the worship of his soul; and he dared to hope that he was not unattractive to her. Would she so hang on his arm, would she look for him—miss him—if she only felt the common impulses of friendship?

He did not reflect upon her solitary fate; how she yearned for and needed companionship. The Governor's niece had gone on a visit to England; so had several of the families of the colony, including that of Mr. Mandeville.

Della could not make confidants of Rose or Kian. Good, honest hearts they had, but they were not cultivated: they were not, like Manuel, refined by study and association with superior minds. Della did repose the utmost confidence in Manuel. She had known him since her childhood. He was a good, honest, high-minded, intelligent brother, in her sight—nothing more. Perhaps had she not been so absorbed with her own sorrow, she might have read aright the eloquent language of the Dane's eyes; might have seen his eager hope in the flushing of his cheek, the suppressed sigh, the heaving chest; the quick, glad step that ushered him into her presence: but, alas for her, she was blind to all this.

Meanwhile his passion was growing beyond his control. Oh! to hear a word of something more than mere regard from her he would almost have died. To see her eye brighten at his approach with a light warmer than friendship gives, would have been bliss overpowering. His remorse for the past was for the time obliterated by his keen hope, his torturing anxiety.

They were talking of the professor one day, having but just heard from him by an Indian, who had brought a letter to Mr. St. Lemoine.

It was drawing toward evening. The Barbadian doves were preparing for sleep in their silver cages. Lupina lay stretched out upon a splendid rug at Della's feet, and the clustering, star-like flowers on the vines sent a delicious perfume through the latticed veranda where Della and Manuel sat together.

Just opposite hung golden oranges within the hand's reach; without, vistas of green, variegated by splendidly brilliant colors and glorious tintings of every shade, spread before them a view of enchanting loveliness. Within might be seen the gleaming of statues, the Orient-like richness of costly pictures, the flashing of gilded frames, the swaying of dainty laces, while the voice of the fountains in the court, dreamy and melodious, lent its magical influence to the scene.

"Did you know," said Della, softly, "how much you resemble Professor Vance?"

"*I* resemble *him*!" exclaimed Manuel, a keen delight making his eye luminous—"oh, no! he is very handsome!"

"True, but you must be aware that you are not ill-looking," was the artless reply.

Another flash of pleasure irradiated the Dane's features.

"And there is a similarity in your fortunes—or fate, as poor old Kian would say. His parents were lost at sea in a storm—wrecked on a coral-reef, near one of the islands in this vicinity—when he was ten years old, but he found kind friends who adopted him and reared him as their own."

"While I was reared a menial," exclaimed Manuel, bitterly. "There the parallel ceases!"

"Manuel," said Della, warmly, surprised at his sudden passion, "you almost take away my breath with your savage voice. You know nobody here thinks of you or considers you as a menial. You are a kind friend—my father's *right hand, as he sometimes calls you*. What if your earlier days were passed among associates you do not like to recall? You were a poor, fatherless little child, who could do nothing for yourself. Be satisfied that you have now found your right position—that you are respected and loved."

"Loved!" he cried, low and eagerly, his heart leaping, his eyes shining, while, as if to restrain a sudden impulse to fall at her feet, he moved his chair, hastily, further away.

"Yes, Manuel, respected and loved. My father looks upon you almost in the light of a son—I in that of a brother."

"And that is all," he exclaimed, springing up, folding his arms tightly over his chest to keep down its laboring impulses, while he walked to and fro, taking short, nervous steps, but so passionately that the very boards trembled under his tread. "Oh! Della, most painfully I feel what I am, what is my destiny. Alone, without family or name—without standing or profession, without friends such as I crave, without fortune, yet consumed by a hopeless, an undying attachment, which is at the same time my blessing and my curse—Della, I wish to heaven the waves in that fateful moment of storm had swallowed me up."

"You are pale, excited—in trouble," said Della, with sweet womanly sympathy, "what is it, Manuel? confide in me. I assure you, you may with perfect confidence, for since I have known sorrow I have learned how to pity."

"Della—Della—it is not pity I want; you will drive me mad," cried the Dane, pausing, showing a face whitened, showing lips locked together in a firm pressure, and eyes full of woe.

"I, *I* drive you mad?" asked Della, softly, half fearful, "you are not yourself; I don't understand you to-night, Manuel."

"Della, I am driven to it; do not blame me—do not leave me, but hear my confession—I *must* tell you if your father strike me dead for it. For ten years my soul has borne your image. The first time I saw you in that wretched place you called home, young as I was, a sudden, wondrous passion filled my whole being. I loved you purely as a child—I have loved you every moment since. Oh, Della, is there not something I can do to prove how well I love you? If you will but say you do or may feel the least regard for me—the least warmth of friendship that may deepen into love, there is nothing I will not aspire to that I may make myself worthy of you. I will study, I will travel; I will in some manner win a name and a fortune—only give me—no matter for what period, something to hope for. You will—oh! you will! Never, never can you be loved more fervently by any human heart than by mine. Only give me some little token that I may hope for you in the future, and I would willingly die for you. Della—don't despise—don't refuse me!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A manufacturer invites the public to come and *see* his *invisible* wire fences.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy,	and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of	THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of	THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of	THE POST,	5,00
Four "	(and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$8,00
Eight "	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	16,00
Thirteen "	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	25,00
Twenty "	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	30,00
Thirty "	(and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	36,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen*, or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may *prefer*.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. C. Mrs. Wood's stories have never been published in book form. The principal of them will be found published in THE POST during the last three years, credited to "Hester Halliwell," and the author of "The Red Court Farm." The "Red Court Farm" was published, we think, in the summer of 1857.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

The Methodist Conference now in session at Buffalo, N. Y., has resolved that the marriage relation can only be dissolved by a violation of the seventh commandment or by death, and that a subsequent marriage by either party, while both are living, is contrary to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures.

As this question of Divorce is now being widely agitated, we may be allowed to suggest a few points, which appear to be generally overlooked, for the consideration of the many who are interested in it.

1. One point of very great practical importance, but which does not seem to have emerged to any of the disputants so far—at least to none whose writings have come before our notice—is this:—That it does not necessarily follow that because a thing is *right*, or commanded by the Scripture, that the Law of the land should enforce it.

For instance, one of the Commandments says, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother." But legislators do not consider it expedient to enforce the observance of that commandment by Law, as Moses did, especially in cases where the children are over twenty-one years of age. A man may refuse to honor his father or his mother—he may even speak harshly and slightingly of them—and yet the law has no penalties for such a case, bad as it is.

Again, another of the Commandments says, "Thou shalt not covet." And yet we make no law against coveting. A man may covet his neighbor's wife, his ox, his ass, his man servant, his maid servant, his real estate, his bank stock, and everything else that is his neighbor's; he may not only admit but proclaim aloud that he does covet them—and yet the Law of the land has no punishment for him.

But we will not multiply cases. Human laws are not made with the design of punishing every violation of the moral law. Where such a violation injures mainly only the guilty party himself, and society only indirectly—or where the gain from punishing the offence, would seem to be more than counterbalanced by the too great restriction of the liberty of the individual which it would involve—the Law remains silent, and leaves the offending person to the moral and other natural penalties of his crime.

For we all will see upon reflection, that if the Law should attempt too much, it would fail entirely. There must be allowed a certain amount of Free Agency even in evil things. Where the influence of Law—which represents Physical Restraint—ceases, there still have room to operate all the powerful influences of Public Opinion, of Morality and of Religion. Society says, in fact:—To a certain extent I *must* restrain offenders, even by Physical Force, for my own peace and security—beyond that I leave them to the more mighty and enduring influences of the Spiritual world.

2. It must be remembered that while Truth is always Truth, and Right, Right, in the highest sense—that the making of Laws for a people, is a very practical business. Laws must accord with the moral and intellectual condition of a people—for it is the people themselves who are to enforce them—and therefore, if they do not so accord, they will not be enforced. If you make your laws so good that they will not be observed, you might as well make no laws at all—and, further, you miss doing the good which less pretentious but better adapted regulations would do. Young scholars must first be taught the elements, young disciples must first be fed on milk and not on strong meat, and communities, in proportion as they are inclined to evil, should have laws just as good as they will enforce, and not a whit better.

For instance, as to this very question of Divorce, the Saviour told his disciples, according to St. Matthew:—

"Moses, *because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered* you to put away your wives: but *from the beginning it was not so.*"

Thus, it will be seen that "*in the beginning*," when men were pure, no such liberty of divorce had obtained; but when Moses, a Lawgiver sent by God, came to give laws for the Jews, he, seeing "the *hardness of their hearts*" in this respect, gave them leave "to give a writ of divorcement," and put their wives away. Now, to judge the wisdom of this law of Moses, we should have to know and consider what the customs of the Jews were in this respect, at the time his law was given. Doubtless, he did the best he could—probably regulating what before had been entirely unregulated. For instance, if the Jewish husband should divorce a wife, who "found no favor in his eyes," and she should marry another, the first husband could not take her again to wife, even after the death of the second. And, again, in the case of seduction, the man not only was bound to marry the maiden, (paying besides fifty silver shekels to her father,) but was not allowed to "put her away all his days;" as the forced marriage, without this proviso, might have been undone very speedily by a "bill of divorcement."

3. We have thus shown that in this question of Divorce, as in other questions, the position of the Lawgiver is somewhat different from that of the Moralist or of the Church. Moses, doubtless, had his own opinion of the abstract rightfulness of his laws which recognized polygamy, and allowed divorce, as a general thing, at the pleasure of the husband—to use the Scripture phrase, he "suffered" them. But he knew, also, that fallen human nature could not be expected to rise at once to the moral height of perfect manhood, standing firm and erect in the image of God. And we, in our turn, should remember, that after we have settled satisfactorily to our own minds what Christianity requires of its disciples in relation to this question of Divorce, we have not settled the question of what the laws of the land should insist upon in this respect.

The oft-quoted language of our Saviour in reference to this matter, should receive attentive consideration—lest we overlook some of its meaning. After He had laid down the well-known Christian law of Divorce—

"His disciples say unto him, If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry.

"But He said unto them, *All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given.* * * * * *He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.*"

Now, as it seems to us, the high Christian code of ethics relative to Divorce, is embodied in the action of the Methodist Conference, quoted as the text of this article. But, as every one knows, the laws of nearly every State in the Union allow divorce for a number of other causes besides the single scriptural one of Infidelity. Desertion for a certain number of years, habitual intemperance, conviction for certain penal offences, and other things, are among the causes for which divorces are allowed.

And why? Because the State, while it forbids no one to govern himself by the very highest moral law, does not consider itself bound to enforce the very highest rules of conduct. The free agency of the individual must not be too greatly restricted. No real and genuine good would result from it. In France and many other European countries it is very difficult to obtain a divorce—but what cannot be done legally, is done illegally—and the marriage relation in those countries is, to say the least, no more faithfully observed than in the United States. For men and women are not to be made or kept good by mere force of law; and it is often wise to regulate what we cannot prevent.

As to the question whether our present laws respecting Divorce should be amended, either in one direction or the other, it is a subject that we do not design to touch. Our object has been merely to call attention to certain general principles which seemed to be in danger of not being noticed in the heat of the controversy, and which, when noticed, may perhaps tend to abate some of the warmth in question.

IT is about time that Congressional spouters had their proper places assigned them, and that journalists, who are, in reality, the great masters of public opinion and popular movements, took their places in the affairs of the Government. They have been content, heretofore, to do all the work, and allow their puppets to reap all the rewards of their labors.—*N. Y. Courier.*

It is not a little curious, that political journalists so often are willing to play "second fiddle" to senators and representatives far inferior to themselves. They take a man of not very uncommon ability, for instance, and puff him up with their editorial praises until the people begin to think him a "little god"—and until he himself begins to be half of the same opinion. Now suppose an "able editor" should just take a speech of one of these great men, and publish the manuscript precisely as it is sent to him, with all of its errors of spelling, punctuation and grammar upon its head—devoting, moreover, a leader or two to an illustration of the errors and defects of the said speech—where would the reputation of the great man be? In nine cases out of ten, if we are not mistaken, our great Congressional speakers would expire under such a process. Or, let the reporters of the press, report all extemporaneous speeches exactly as delivered, where would the same great orators be seen? Coming out of the little end of a very small horn, we opine—in spite of all their "greatness."

A few lessons of this kind to these self-thought leaders and founders of parties, would open their eyes a little—and do them good, by taking some of the conceit out of them. They would begin to understand then somewhat more correctly their true value—and learn that the men that made them, could unmake them just as easily. There are journals in this country that exercise more influence over the people than any half dozen of the so-called "great statesmen,"—and yet these latter often seem to think that the editors of such journals were created only to minister to their personal ambition—ambition which is a virtue in them, and does not involve any sacrifice of high principle, but which, in their view, is almost a crime in an editor! If our brethren of the political press submit much longer to such treatment, they should obtain brass collars as badges of their servitude, and inscribe upon them the name of some leader or another, for whom they merely exist to do the barking.

THE CENSUS.

Have our readers any idea of the number of questions which the Act of Congress relative to the Census, requires the Marshals and their Assistants to obtain answers to? Here are a portion of them:—

In the first place it is necessary to write down the name of every person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1860, was in the family.

The age of each, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto.

Profession, occupation, or trade of each male person over fifteen years of age.

Value of real estate owned.

Place of birth, naming the State, Territory, or country.

Married within the year.

Attended school within the year.

Persons over twenty years of age that cannot read or write.

Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper or convict.

Name of owner, agent or manager of the farm.

Number of improved acres.

Number of unimproved acres.

Cash value of farm.

Value of farming imp'ements and machinery.

Live stock on hand June 1st, 1860:—Number of horses, mules, and asses, working oxen, milch cows, and other cattle, swine, and sheep.

Value of live stock.

Value of animals slaughtered during the year.

Produce during the year ending June 1st, 1860, viz.:—Number of bushels of wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, beans and peas, buckwheat, barley, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; pounds of wool and pounds of tobacco.

Value of ore land products in dollars.

Gallons of wine, value or produce of market garden, pounds of butter, pounds of cheese, tons of hay, bushels of clover seed and bushels of grass seed, pounds of hops, pounds of flax, bushels of flaxseed, pounds of maple sugar, gallons of molasses, pounds of honey and beeswax, value of home-made manufactures.

Name of corporation, company, or individual producing articles to the annual value of $500.

Name of business, manufacture or product.

Capital invested in real estate and personal estate in the business.

Raw materials used, including fuel, namely: quantities, kinds, values, kind of motive power, machinery, structure, or resource.

Average number of hands employed, namely:—male, female; average monthly cost of male labor, average monthly cost of female labor.

Annual product, namely: quantities, kinds, values.

Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1st, 1860, whose usual place of abode was in the family, the age, sex, and color, whether white, black, or mulatto, married or widowed, place of birth, naming the State, Territory, or country, the month in which the person died, profession, occupation, or trade, disease or cause of death.

That is a pretty fair lot to begin with, but we are told that, like the razor-strop man, Uncle Sam's agents have "a few more left," answers to which can be given "with very little trouble." Among these latter, probably, are the following, which we find in one of our exchanges:—

Are you married, and if so, how do you like it?

Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?

Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself?

Have you parents, and if so, how many of them?

Do you read the New Testament regularly?

What is your fighting weight?

What do you like best for light reading—"The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Cobb, or the President's last Message, by J. B.?

How many times has your wife "wished she was dead," and did you reciprocate the wish?

What is the average of virtue in your neighborhood?

Wouldn't you feel insulted if your funeral procession didn't go faster than a Lombard street omnibus does?

Do you use boughten tobacco?

Are you aware that Toledo whiskey is used in shooting-galleries in preference to pistols, and that it shoots farther?

Were you and your wife worth anything when married, and if so, what proportion of her things were your'n and your things her'n?

Were you ever in the Penitentiary?

Are you troubled with boils?

How many empty bottles have you in the house?

How does your Meerschaum color?

Are beans an article of regular diet in your family, and if so, how does it go?

State whether you are blind, deaf, idiotic, or have the heaves.

How many chickens do you own, and are they on foot, or in the shell? Also, how many succedaneums?

Is there a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Which food do you prefer—rum, or mixed drinks?

State how much pork, impending crisis, Dutch cheese, popular sovereignty, standard poetry, slave code, catnip, red flannel, Constitution and Union, old junk, perfumery, coal, oil, liberty, hoop skirts, &c., you have on hand.

In order to avoid delay, our readers would do well to cut out at least the first of the above lists, and employ their evenings for the next month in endeavoring to cipher out the answers. As for the result of all these questions—the sum total of Uncle Sam's gratified curiosity—it will be worth in a great many respects exactly what certain of the results of the last Census were worth, and that is, just nothing at all. There is an old maxim which says "Figures do not lie;" there is a new maxim, of which we claim to be the author, which is much truer, and which says, "Nothing lies like figures." Census returns, when they attempt too close an investigation of matters in which pecuniary interests are involved, afford one striking instance of the truth of this new maxim. We have not a particle of doubt that a great deal of the information obtained by the census-takers will be merely a distant approximation to the truth, and a great deal more a palpable exaggeration of the facts. Too much is attempted—questions are asked for the public use which even private friendship would not be likely to obtain a correct answer to—and individuals are expected to furnish information as to their pecuniary affairs, which they would be very much pleased to have themselves. We think our legislators reckon entirely too largely upon the methodical exactness, the patient industry, the love of figures, and the general unselfishness of the community.

RECENT LUNAR DISCOVERIES.

It is only very recently that the capital notion so persistently maintained by certain astronomers, of the utterly lifeless waste of the moon's surface, has been exploded. The way this idea got prevalence was in denying the existence of an atmosphere around the moon, a state of things that would of necessity exclude the existence of water and organic life from our satellite. This theory led to the further denial of heat in the lunar rays, from which flowed a multitude of errors.

But Knox and Melvin have proved by exact observations, that there is heat in moonshine, and Zantedeschi has measured it in its effects upon the mimosa, while an English scholar has demonstrated that the earth is colder in the first quarter of the moon than it is in the second. Again, moonshine exerts a wonderful influence on plants. Light enables them to absorb carbon from the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere, and as this is their daily work, they sleep at night, except when the moonlight wakes them up, and sets them to work again. So the farmer is right who sows the seed just before the full of the moon, for the plants come up about the time of the new moon, and pass their infancy under the dark nights, but when the full moon comes its light sets them to work, and thus the process of growing is continued night and day, while a contrary course is injurious to the tender plant which requires sleep.

The sailors say that the moon eats up the clouds, and Whewell and Quetelet have proved the truth of the observation, by showing that more rain falls in the dark moon than in its second and third quarters.

Webb has shown by a careful comparison of the present appearance of the moon's surface with that made by Maedler twenty years ago that it has undergone great changes. Several of the minor craters have assumed different shapes. These changes indicate the existence of air and water. Secchi has demonstrated that the peaks of the highest mountains of the moon are covered with snow. De la Rive has discovered that what used to be regarded as barren plains, are extensive forest. Schwabe, the discoverer of the periodical times of the sun's spots, sustains this discovery of De la Rive's. After a careful examination, he found furrows to consist of trees, leafless at one season, and in full foliage at another, for the changes in their appearance are periodic. Hence another proof of atmosphere and water and all the phenomena incident to the existence of the elements.

The photography of the moon's surface, now going on in the American and European observatories, and the special attention paid to the study of the lunar surface by some of the most distinguished astronomers of the day, cannot fail to result in more wonderful discoveries than these which we just noticed. We have no doubt, the mass of matter of which the moon is made will be found to be of the same character as that of the earth, and subject to similar laws of existence, and that the surface will be found to be capable of sustaining organic life.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

☞ "Vat's de matter, vat's the matter?" exclaimed an old Dutch friend of ours, as he tucked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood. "Vat's de matter?" "There's a man killed," replied a bystander. "Oh, is that all!" said our friend, evidently disappointed; "ish dat all? shoost a man kilt! hnmph, I thought it was a fight."

☞ Sir John Germain was so ignorant that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author "of St. Matthew's Gospel."

☞ Some years ago, a druggist used to be great on stunning advertisements of wonderful panaceas that would cure anything, "from the Aurora Borealis to a pimple." One Sunday morning the good druggist saw suspended over the door of his place of business a large black snake, to which was appended a placard that read thus: "This worm was removed from a child four years of age, by two doses of Comstock's Vermifuge."

☞ A lady was told, the other day, by a travelling gentleman, that every lady who had small mouth was provided with a husband by a government. "Ith it pothibul?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "that if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time, throwing her mouth open to its full extent. The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

☞ ROMANTIC.—The Oswego Times tells a good story of a fashionable lady of that village, whose parents are not possessed of wealth in proportion to her pretensions, who excused herself to a visitor for doing housework, thus: "Mother and I do our own housework, because it is so exceedingly romantic."

☞ Daniel Webster once said that all over the world, and in all times, the agricultural regions devoted to grazing, were more prosperous than the grain-growing districts.

☞ TYPOGRAPHICAL.—A country exchange says:—"In the piece, on our fourth page, entitled 'We must not Lag Behind,' instead of the line 'That moulds its dirty shirt,' please read, 'That would its duty shrink.'"

☞ The press, pulpit, and petticoat—the three ruling powers of the world. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably.

☞ WIT.—Wit is not the product of study, it comes almost as unexpectedly on the speaker as on the hearer; one of the first principles of it is good temper; the arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles—when they fail in that they become a sarcasm.

☞ It appears from the Army and Navy Gazette, that the regular army is disinclined to salute the volunteer officers. Mr. Punch is authorized, on the part of the ladies of England, to state that, in the interest of their beloved country, they undertake, henceforth, to relieve the regulars by performing the above ceremony at all fitting times and seasons.—*Punch.*

☞ The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Explosive Vegetation—A Welcome Arrival—A Ruler Worth Testing—Antiquarians Rescuing—A Curious Question—A Frenchman's Idea of Grandeur—A Lucky Washerwoman—A Singular Thief—The Verdict of History—Imperial Antecedents—Paris Gossip—A Queer Trial.

Paris, May 11, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

After the unparalleled backwardness of the season which has been keeping Paris in such a chronic state of ill-temper for the last two months, we have all at once made a jump from Winter to Summer, almost as rapid as occurs in Russia, where you go to bed one night with the thermometer far out of sight below zero, and waken next morning to hear the noise of the leaf buds which are opening all about you with a loud "crack," almost as sharp as that of fire-arms. A perfectly sober minded friend of mine, a physician of this city, who spent three years in that curious country some time ago, positively declares that the Russian woods, when the summer "sets in with a bound," as it always does in that country, are as noisy, for a day or two, as a rifle-ground; the buds all shooting out in a prodigious hurry, so that, in about a couple of days, the ice-bound trees are in the full glory of their foliage. The marvellous energy and rapidity of vegetable development in the North may be judged of by the fact that the ground is thawed, ploughed, sowed, and the harvests gathered in periods varying from three months to six weeks only, according to the latitude and peculiar conditions of the various localities in the north of the planet. This rapidity is explained by the immense amount of electricity disengaged by the masses of melting ice and snow, and the greater length of the days in these high latitudes. Something of the same unusual disengagement of electricity seems to have been going on here for the last few days; the air being apparently warm and heavy, and rain falling almost without intermission, while leaves and flowers have been coming out so rapidly that their growth from hour to hour is distinctly appreciable. On Sunday afternoon the air rang with the welcome cry of the swallows, who made their first appearance to the delighted eyes of the unfeathered bipeds below, a little before four o'clock, thus certifying to the world that Summer has come at last.

The rule for predicting the weather, to which the late Marshal Bugeaud attributed his "lucky" choice of days, which went the rounds of the press last year, has now been tested by many observers, and appears to hold true in the vast majority of cases. This rule, discovered by the Marshal in an old Spanish manuscript which he found in a convent in Spain, is as follows; and it would be both interesting and useful if some among your many readers would take the trouble of verifying this rule in your country. It is as follows:—Eleven times out of twelve, *the weather will during the whole lunation, be the same as that which occurred* on the *fifth* day of the moon, *if on the sixth* the weather was the same as on the *fifth*. And, nine times out of twelve, the weather of the *fourth* day will last throughout the moon, *if the sixth* turns out to be like the *fourth*. The Marshal used to add six hours to the sixth day, before pronouncing on the weather, in order to make up for the daily retardation of the moon between two passages across the meridian. This rule may not always be applicable, but the fact that so many observers have now apparently verified it during the last ten months, seems to prove that it is at least worth the trouble of verification in other countries.

Great hopes are entertained here that the crops will not be found to have suffered by the lateness of the present season. Algeria bids fair to export a much larger quantity of wheat than it has yet furnished; and it is hoped it may come in time to rival Egypt's old renown as a granary for Europe, which mention of the classic land of mysterious architecture reminds me that M. Mariatta, the well-known archæologist, has just informed the French savans of his discovery, near the Great Sphynx, of a vast palace of red granite, which he believes to be that of Cheops, who lived 1178 years B. C., and built that vast pyramid. No fewer than seven statues of that prince have already been found in the palace.

Those who are so busily grubbing in the depths of the earth for traces of its history and that of its inhabitants, have been unusually lucky of late. Coffins, coins, traces of decayed cities, old artificial caverns, supported by pillars, well ventilated and smooth to the feet, which would seem to be quarries worked many centuries ago, for coals and remains of old fire-places are still to be seen, and the stones are frequently blackened by the smoke of torches. M. Lartet, whose geological researches tending to prove the existence of man in periods far earlier than has hitherto been supposed, has made fresh discoveries near Amiens, which strongly confirm his views of the existence of human beings at a period long previous to the earliest historical times. Much discussion is also going on here relative to the power of curing the bite of poisonous snakes by the famous "snake-stone," described by Sir E. Tennent in his great work on Ceylon, and analyzed by Professor Faraday, but previously mentioned, in 1786, by the Abbe Tecmayer, who had repeatedly, in the course of his long and minute investigations into the nature of snake poisons, tried this remedy, but without success. The "snake-stone," described by Sir E. Tennent, is a piece of bone, which has been soaked in blood and then charred; that mentioned by Tecmayer is nearly identical, being a bit of charred hart's horn. Both these substances adhere firmly to the wound; but death, which seemed to be always preventible by Sir E. Tennent's charred bone, always occurred in the experiments made by the learned Abbe. The *Revue Contemporaine*, remarking on this discrepancy, earnestly entreats the learned world to renew the experiments in question, with a view to ascertaining the real value of the remedy in question.

The famous novelist, Alexander Dumas, who has had a yacht built, in which (he says) he is going to circumnavigate the globe, visiting, in succession, every country washed by the ocean, has just sailed from Marseilles. On leaving Paris, to set out on this herculean undertaking, he sent his servant to Ruggieri's renowned firework factory, with a couple of hundred francs, which he desired the man to expend in Rockets, Serpents, and Roman Candles.

"Take the next train for Lyons," added Dumas, "and bring the fireworks to me at the railway station, where I shall wait for you."

"What can you possibly want with fireworks on such a journey as you are undertaking?" inquired one of the friends gathered at the station to see him off.

"Why, to let them off in the Desert, to be sure!" answered Dumas, "you have no idea what a magnificent effect will be produced by the illumination of the Great Pyramid!"

Dumas would do well to call in at Malta on his way, and visit a native washerwoman of that island, who seems to have an especial gift of finding old coins, diamond rings, coral, teeth, bits of metal, combs, &c., in a certain fish much eaten there, called a gurnet; and whose brother, a scullion in a cook's shop, seems to possess the same valuable faculty. The editor of the *Malta Times* declares that he has seen these objects, and that the woman is perfectly honest and trustworthy; but the more suspicious part of the community may perhaps think it possible that she may have come by her treasures in some more ordinary but less avowable way. The voracity of certain fishes, is, however, fully attested by naturalists; and the passion of magpies and monkeys for thieving and hoarding is also well known. One of the Toulouse papers declares that a lady occupying the first floor of a house in that town, looking out into the garden of the Cafe Wibrate, a few days ago went out, locking her door, and taking the key in her pocket. On her return home, she found, to her consternation, that her secretary was open, and that three gold pieces of 20 francs, one of 5 francs, and several other coins in silver, had been stolen, but she could not imagine how the thief could have got in to the room, as there were no marks of a forcible entry having been effected, either by the door or by the windows. While pondering on the mystery, she heard shouts of laughter in the garden of the cafe, and an exclamation of "Oh, the thief! where did he get all that money?" Running hastily down into the garden, she asked, "Where is the thief?" "I have him safe," replied M. Wibrate. "Pray keep him so," replied the lady, while I go and summon the police!" "That is useless," answered M. Wibrate, "for the police would not arrest him. Here is the stolen money; and as for the thief, he is now chained up." At the same time he pointed to a young monkey, who was seated on his perch, grinning with satisfaction at the clever feat he had performed. The animal had broken his chain, climbed up to the window, and entered the room. Seeing the key in the secretary, he opened it, took out the money, got down again into the garden, and gave the money to his master. Either of these "facts" would serve Dumas with a telling incident, or *an effective denouement.*

Not a little amusement has been created here by a subject incidentally, but very cleverly touched upon by M. Thiers in the new volume of his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," recently published;—viz.: the double marriage of Prince Jerome Bonaparte. The malicious historian, who, of course, cannot deliver his evident opinion on this delicate matter in so many words, recounts very clearly all the circumstances of these two unions; shows that the first marriage, contracted by the Prince in the United States, was valid in all respects, and also that this marriage, though ignored by the Emperor, was never invalidated, no regular and authentic divorce having taken place, the Emperor assuming that the marriage had never been valid, for lack of his consent thereto, and that, consequently, no divorce was needed. The untenability of the Emperor's position in the eye of French law, and the actual validity of the marriage, are clearly and conclusively proved by M. Thiers, who, without positively stating that fact in so many words, has contrived to show that the children of the repudiated Miss Paterson are the legitimate descendants of the old ex-king, while Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde are, according to French law, neither more nor less than "bastards." How the King of Sardinia may like such a qualification of his daughter's husband, it is quite difficult to say; but illegitimacy being the order of the day at the present Court, this exposition of the true character of old Jerome's relation to his second family, will scarcely be taken to heart by the Emperor for his *entourage*. It being matter of public notoriety that the highest personage in the realm is the son of the Dutch Admiral Vanhuel; that the Empress came into the world when her mother had been four years a widow; that the Count de Morny is the son of Queen Hortense by one of her later lovers; that Count Walewski is an unrecognized son of Prince Jerome, half-cousin to the Emperor, half-brother to Prince Napoleon; that the Countess de Morny is the daughter of the late Emperor of Russia, while the origin of the Countess Walewski is no better; that among the *habitues* of the Imperial circle the same happy oblivion of legal disqualifications obtains, as for instance, in the case of M. de Girardin and his new wife, with this difference, that the history of the former is known to all Paris, while that of the latter floats among a score or two of possibilities; it is evident that all this being, as just remarked, matter of public notoriety here, the conclusions to which M. Thiers so skillfully conducts his readers, will scarcely be deemed an affliction at the Tuileries of to-day.

The tone of the present Court seems to be, in certain respects, quite in harmony with these antecedents. There is no end to the scandal which has grown out of the late entertainment given by the Empress at the Hotel d' Albe; and the fact that her Majesty stayed there only so short a time, which was at first supposed to indicate that she was not in good health, is now asserted to have been simply the result of her Majesty's resentment against the Emperor for having insisted on her renouncing her very undignified project of appearing in the semi nudity of the Huntress Diana, whose costume, though exquisitely graceful, and unobjectionable in the repose of the ancient marble, would certainly be less admirable in the movement of a modern ball. When I add to this little indication of the "tone" of the present Court, that the young Princess de Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, who had figured in one of the principal quadrilles, became so excited by the less stately sort of dancing that became "the order of the day" during the "small hours" into which the *fête* was prolonged, that she indulged in a variety of violent gestures, and at length raised the point of her foot so nearly on a level with her partner's nose that the latter, hardly knowing what he did, caught hold of the foot, thus bringing the Princess suddenly to the floor—it will easily be imagined that the gossip in everybody's mouth touching this famous, and most magnificent *fete*, is scarcely of the most edifying description. That the scene presented on the occasion was most gorgeous, is fully admitted; and the long suite of rooms, with their sumptuous decorations, have been again illuminated for taking of a series of photographic views, destined to perpetuate the *souvenir* of a scene which is admitted, by all who witnessed it, to have been, in its own way, the most splendid spectacle of modern days.

In curious contrast with all which grandeur is the extraordinary case which, a few days ago, was submitted to the Civil Tribunal of Lyons: When a cobbler, a tinker, and a small tradesman pleaded each against the other, to the great delight and amusement of their fellow-citizens, to be declared sole owner of what they all described as a most marvellous discovery—namely, the placing of a lamp in the heel of a boot, with pipes running from it beneath the sole, so as to heat the foot of the wearer! After examining the different pretensions of the parties, the Tribunal declined to pronounce on the question of ownership, but condemned the cobbler and the trader to pay the tinker the sum of 150 francs for work done by him in the carrying into execution of this brilliant idea. QUANTUM.

☞ There is a lady so ignorant of all domestic work, that she cannot even knit her brows.

☞ People like a man while they *make* him, but rather change their feelings when they find that they cannot *unmake* him.

☞ All Paris—at least the female portion of it—is in ecstasy over a new color, called fuchsine, taken from the color of the fuchsia, and it is said to surpass all other colors in beauty, and is as much sought after as was the celebrated mauve.

☞ In fishing, we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and being a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many scales.

☞ The following is an instance of crime severely punished:—Thomas Stephens, formerly a clerk in the Montreal City Bank, and a prisoner for forgery, has just come into possession of a fortune of $400,000. Had he resisted temptation he might have enjoyed his [illegible] and embitter his regrets.

☞ A certain individual sought a matrimonial connection with a very clever lady. He said he did not want to marry her for love or for money, but merely that he might disgrace the family!

☞ Whenever love lifts the soul to heaven, we may be sure that the object of it is not altogether of earth.

☞ You are unfaithful to your soul if you enfeeble its servant, the body; you are more unfaithful to it still if you enslave it to its servant.

☞ A Yankee traveller, describing a doughnut of unusually large proportions, which he purchased in Buffalo, says—"It was one of those stupendous achievements in art which are only attempted in the vicinity of great works of nature like Niagara."

☞ A doctor, who resides in one of our fashionable streets, on calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, instead of drinking a glass of water, accidentally took a draught from a tumbler containing the medicine which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and his patient getting better.

☞ The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every-day moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are all those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this.

☞ Tattooing.—The custom of tattooing has been highly condemned by the medical authorities of the French navy, on account of severe accidents, as the loss of an arm, or even of life, which have been the consequence of this habit. The practice is to be quite given up.

☞ A daughter of Mr. Meredith, Mogtree Limekiln, near Ludlow, rubbed her hands, which were chapped, with tallow supposed to contain poisonous matter. Her hands soon began to swell, and continued to do so for a week, at the end of which she expired in the greatest agony.

☞ A distinguished physiologist says that people should sleep on the back, as it gives "full and equal play to the respiratory organs." There is philosophy and logic in the argument, even if it produces dreams filled with ogres, spooks, snakes and sundry other queer notions.

☞ There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays two hundred and fifty eggs.

☞ Punch says, "the poor unfortunate mouse that was found nibbling at Dr. ———'s manuscript, died of poison the next day."

☞ Ladies should remember that if they set their dresses on fire, they will be apt to stand in their own light.

☞ The Best Legacy.—No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

☞ A loving couple during an evening walk last week discovered the "variegated prismatic hues" of the Aurora Borealis, by which name he called her attention to it, to which she in seraph tones replied—"Aw-relius Bolis be darned! them's nothin' but Northern Lights."

THE TURKISH BATH AS A MEANS OF TRAINING.

From the London Field.

The notice of this important matter in The Field of the 28th of April has attracted so much attention, that we have been inundated by inquiries, and by details of the construction of these baths, and of their successful operation upon men, horses, and cattle. We beg to express our thanks to our various correspondents, but as it is impossible to afford space for a special reply to all, still less to insert the notices of each separate establishment, we think it better to continue our former remarks on the physiological questions involved, to give some hints for the construction of rooms for the hot-air treatment either in connection with dwelling-houses or stables, and briefly to indicate the *rationale* of the application in some particular forms of disease.

To begin with the human animal as the more important, and particularly as to his respiratory functions, or, in other words, his *wind*. The air we breathe is a mixture of two gases, called nitrogen and oxygen, and a small portion of carbonic acid gas, in the proportion of 99¼ of nitrogen and oxygen, and ¼ part of carbonic acid; the relation of the nitrogen to the oxygen is nearly as four to one, so that about one-fifth of the air is pure oxygen. The blood is prepared from the food which is digested in the stomach, and is forced through the lungs by the heart; the average quantity of the blood in adults is 25 pounds. The blood is of two kinds; *arterial*, which flows through the arteries from the heart to the extremities; *venous*, which returns from the extremities by the veins to the heart. It is the function of the lungs to change impure venous into pure arterial blood by supplying it with oxygen. Our food is digested in the stomach; a small portion of it is absorbed there by small vessels and conveyed directly into the circulation; the remaining nutritive material is extracted during its passage and ultimately conveyed into the veins, where it is mixed with the venous blood. The arterial blood in its course is filtered through very minute tubes called capillaries, by means of which it renovates the system; then it escapes into the veins. The atoms of the body which are done with are brought also by another set of vessels into the venous blood, are there absorbed, and excreted by the skin, kidneys, bowels, and lungs. A large portion also passes through the liver. It has been calculated that the heart has to do, in the most delicate girl, the work of a fourteen-horse power steam-engine.

Without entering into medical disquisitions, it must be evident that perfect health depends on the complete purification of the entire human system during this incessant process, and that the purifying agent is the oxygen of the atmospheric air, which, combining with the carbon of which nearly the whole of our food is composed, should consume such portion of it as does not immediately enter into the renovation of the human frame. On the other hand, disease is caused by the accumulation of carbonic deposits, not so consumed by the combination with oxygen, or not carried off by the organs, but accumulating in one or other of them, so as to cause internal irritation, inflammation, ulceration, and destruction, or in the form of poisonous gases or acids torturing the nerves, by poisoning the juices, and rendering the existence of man a torment instead of a blessing. Drugs and specifics swallowed like food only act as counter-poisons, perhaps in some cases relieving distress for the time, but never save at the cost of undue wear and tear of delicate tissues.

The operation of the Turkish bath is, firstly, to cause an increased action of the capillaries—to send, as it were, a fountain of pure water from within through these innumerable passages, so as radically to cleanse them, and to pass away through them the undue carbonic deposits, acids, and the like; secondly, to prepare those passages for the reception of oxygen, which cannot properly permeate them, or cleanse the system through the skin and relieve undue labor of the lungs, until they have been so washed; and the latter process is effected by exposing the native body to the external air, removing the clothing, which otherwise intercepts the oxygen.

A few simple remarks will make this plainer. When a man is in an incipient fever, his tongue furred, his skin hot, dry, and parched, if you put the bulb of a thermometer under his tongue it will indicate 112°, marked in Fahrenheit thermometers as "fever heat." Place him in a room where there is a free circulation of oxygen, (not, of course, under blankets, or in a close closet, where he will be poisoning himself by his own carbonic emanations,) and where the thermometer indicates some twenty degrees higher than fever heat; keep him there long enough, and a copious perspiration will break out—the very thing nature was trying to relieve herself by—and he will be relieved accordingly. Suppose him to be laboring under violent congestion and fermentation in the stomach, whether produced by over-indulgence in food or any other cause; bring him into a heat of 160°, at which point fermentation ceases, and he will be relieved when the heated air shall have had time enough to act on his vital organs. Heat the room to 240°, (and we state from personal experiment that such a heat is perfectly endurable,) and animal poisons are destroyed and putrid matters disinfected, and the patient's blood, if corrupted, will, by continuance of the treatment, be rendered radically healthy.

Heat at 140° will melt fat, will liquefy the sebaceous matter of the skin, which chokes the pores, and will prevent fat deposits of heart, liver, and kidneys; and, while it is purifying the depraved blood, is also removing that difficulty of respiration which broke down poor Mr. Briggs in his first essay on a Highland moor.

As to the possibility of any weakening effect, Dr. Carpenter has thus denied it in his prize essay: "That perspiration has no weakening effect in itself appears from the fact, that if persons exposed to high heat make no bodily exertion, they experience no loss of vigor if copiously supplied with cold water."

We may add, in concluding this portion of the subject, that this bath may be used every day with the greatest advantage—that each man can regulate the duration of his stay in it by his own feelings of enjoyment, and that neither in our own experience nor in that of many hundreds of persons whom we know to be in the daily use of it, have we found any results but that of increased muscular power and firmness of fibre.

As regards horses, it is very easy for any gentleman to arrange a loose box so that, while it is duly ventilated, a flue from an adjacent stove may pass round the wall and heat the box to the required temperature. The matter is so exceedingly simple that we abstain from offering details; any local builder or mason can construct this, taking care, of course, that some material such as thick felts be placed beneath the horse's feet, so that he shall not stand on a surface heated to a degree which would be painful to the naked human foot. Of course the *rationale* of the matter is the same in the horse as in the man. Disease of an acute or inflammatory kind will yield in the same fashion, and under this head are to be classed strains and similar injuries. "Roaring," when the seat of disease is the windpipe—analogous to bronchial affections in the human being—will derive certain benefit, the oxygen in this case immediately clearing the seat of disease, as also affections of the lungs, &c. In cases where there is a deficiency of that synovial secretion which lubricates the joints, and consequent inflammation, and rigidity, and in all analogous affections, the mischief will be alleviated and eventually removed; and there is no doubt that glandular affections will yield to the higher temperature. We cannot better conclude than by appending the letter of the gentleman alluded to in our impression of the 28th as having trained his horses at Brackley during the past season in a Turkish bath—that is to say, a loose box heated with flues connected with the harness-room fire at a very trifling expense, the temperature varying from 120° to 140°.

In the first place, the horses had not a single drachm of physic, instead of two or three doses as heretofore. The stable doors and windows were wide open all day—the latter all night—*no clothing whatever.* No particular number of sweats in the week. Sometimes they were sweated three or four days in the week, sometimes even every day, Sundays excepted. I never heard a horse cough during the whole time, and I never felt their coats anything but warm and glossy, and soft to a degree. To the eye the animal looked not bright in the coat, but the skin was supple and the muscles of the neck and body were as hard as possible. I never rode horses in such wind early in the year, and they had only done walking exercise on high ground as much up wind as possible. Five minutes in the open air made them bright in their coats, however cold it was; whereas it generally makes an animal's coat stare, unless trotted all day. One animal, a favorite mare, certainly threw up outward flesh on the treatment, and her neck was as thick and hard as a stallion's.

In a word, all the benefit of hard exercise was secured without fatigue or exhaustion. The *modus operandi* is thus described: The horse was put in with a pail of water beside him, out of which he drank freely during the bath. On beginning to sweat, he was well rubbed with the hand, then scraped with a scraper, taken out to an adjoining box and washed, returned to the bath to warm, then taken to his own stall and rubbed with a wisp till dry, which was in a few minutes. At the conclusion of the first experiment, the groom, who was looking on, said that it had improved the looks of the horse as much as three weeks' hard grooming.

The Key to the Weather.—A letter of M. Conninck to the Courrier des Halles is exciting great attention in France. It will be remembered that Marshal Bugeaud proclaimed the discovery of an ancient Spanish manuscript, in which the natural laws which govern the atmosphere were so clearly laid down that nothing was left to chance, and projects could be made with the greatest security. These calculations, based upon 50 years' experience, comprising 600 revolutions of the moon, had enabled the author to foretell the weather to a nicety, and the Marshal, struck by the confidence with which the theory was broached, after taking some little trouble to practice the same rule of calculation, found it unerring likewise. M. de Conninck now comes forward with his experience also, and at length we can boast of possessing a key to the pranks of the moon, which will henceforth render them completely harmless. This it is: The weather, eleven times out of twelve, is exactly the same during the whole moon as on the fifth day if on the sixth day it resembles the fifth; and nine times out of twelve it is exactly the same as the fourth day if the sixth day resembles the fourth. This rule, says M. de Conninck, is found invariable eight months in the year. The exceptions have hitherto been October, February, March, and April.

A Real Relisher of a Joke.—A man lately received twenty lashes well laid on, at the whipping-post, in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him the twentieth blow, the angry officer could stand it no longer. "Well, here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but I'd jest like to know what it is that's so funny!" "Funny!" roared the other; "why it's excellent. *You've got the wrong Smith!* I ain't the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one! Now you'll have to go it all over again! Really it's *too good!* You must lick the other man! Ha! ha!"

Church Music.—"Few people," says the New York Evening Post, "are aware of the large sums of money paid by some of our city churches for their music. A cultivated choir cannot be obtained for less than a thousand dollars a year, and many of our churches go beyond double that figure. Most of our resident musical talent, and especially the numerous lady vocalists, who occasionally sing at concerts, are members of the various church choirs; and many an industrious musical young lady in this way adds a comfortable sum to her income."

OUR DOMESTICS.

BY MRS. PULLEN.

Among the various classes of laborers, that of the domestic servant is one of the most numerous, and a terrible thing would it be were all their employers to determine to do without help, as some have suggested. This, however, we need hardly fear. Were it possible for a family in which there are grown-up daughters, or for a lady who has no one but herself and husband to provide for, it would involve such toil and trouble to the mother of a young family, to the invalid, and to the many who have to earn their own bread—though not by manual labor—that we cannot expect any such misfortune to occur in our day. The only thing is to make the best of the material we have, rough as it is, and try to shape it by the influence of our better education into something more comely and valuable.

Picking up stray bits of information here and there, and gleaning knowledge wherever we could from both parties, we have come to the conclusion that the old saying, "there are faults on both sides," is as true in this as in all other disputes. If the servants are incompetent, wasteful, and saucy, the mistresses are, for the most part, unreasonable, thoughtless, and indifferent to the health and comfort of those in their employ, and to a certain extent, under their protection. To begin with the habitation afforded them, any one who has spent a week or two at house hunting must have been painfully struck with the aspect of the dark, damp, and dismal kitchen in which the cook has to spend her days, and the close, ill-ventilated, and possibly damp closet—hardly large enough to hold a bed and chair in which she is to sleep. We have seen such a room adjoining an underground kitchen, so damp, that every article of tin-ware was destroyed by rust in a single week, when the house was shut up for that time, yet in it a young girl slept for two years, and left her situation of course with ruined health. Do girls bargain to give with each year of work, five years of life and usefulness? If so, their wages, high as they seem, are wholly inadequate.

The practice of covering the kitchen with oil-cloth is also very injurious to the servant; it is only less chilling to step on than marble, and it has a dampness which the marble does not possess. A lady going down into the kitchen will, almost unconsciously, step upon a mat or bit of carpet, knowing the effect to herself of the cold oil-cloth. But from mere want of thought she does not consider that the girl will feel the same. The very best, as well as most durable covering for a kitchen floor is cocoanut matting, which is thick enough to keep the feet from the ground, and is peculiarly clean, warm, and dry. It deserves to be used much more extensively than it is at present.

In the article of food, too, it is true, however incredible, that a spirit of economy prevails which is a shameful contrast to the richness of the parlor furniture and the splendor of the lady's toilette. That the food should be good and abundant is a plain part of the contract just as much as the wages. As to dainties, although they may not be necessary to the healthy appetite of young girls, yet it is hardly in human nature to see such things without wishing for them, especially if they happen to be forbidden. Mother Eve did so, and her daughters are scarcely likely to be any more perfect. It seems rather hard to have such things ourselves and not permit the servants to share them. It is, too, offering a direct premium for theft, for they look on it as a right to partake of the same food as the family, and will take it if it be not given.

The irregularity of the late meals is another great trial to servants. To be kept over a hot stove, preparing supper and keeping it in an eatable state for two or three hours after the time, because the bright summer weather has tempted the family to prolong their stroll or drive, is a hardship which we should all feel: and did we realize its evils for once in our own persons, we should never expose another woman to them without great reason. It is impossible for the servant in such a family to be dressed at all, in the evening, or to do any needlework for herself, without encroaching on the hours of rest. She gets a driven, worn-out, reckless feeling, which influences her whole conduct. She is saucy, for she has lost hope; idle, because try as she will her work never seems to get done; not caring for the interests of those who care so very little for hers; finally, with shattered constitution, she makes some miserable marriage, has poor, rickety, unhealthy children, and as wretched a home as any woman can endure, or any man escape from. It might be very different. Servants were, once, humble friends who shared the fortunes of the family, and never thought of leaving the home they had found till they had exchanged it for one of their own. To thousands, domestic service gives bread which they could hardly earn in any other way; and were there a better understanding between employers and employed, a great improvement would soon be felt; and not only a better class would select the occupation, but those now servants would become ambitious of higher characters. For, in fact, a servant is much better off in a good family than in a store or workshop, in every essential of life; her food is better, her house should be more comfortable. She earns more, and she has that protection extended over her that every young girl in a great city requires. If she is prudent, she can easily save money; and thousands, as we know, do so, and benefit their families as well as themselves.

Why is it that girls would rather encounter all the evils of homeless life in a factory, and uncertain employment than engage as servants? This arises partly from the faults of their mistresses,—at which we have just ventured to hint, partly from a misconception of their own duties of which we shall have something to say next week.—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ An agent soliciting subscribers for a new book, showed the prospectus to a man who, after reading "one dollar in boards, and one dollar and a quarter in sheep," declined subscribing, alleging that he might not have boards or sheep enough on hand when called upon for payment."

YES!

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Dove-like neck aside inclining,
Eyelids drooped in bashfulness;
Lovely looked she, as reclining,
Breathed she low that soft, sweet Yes!
And that little word once spoken,
Though so softly reached the sky,
Was a vow could not be broken;
Filled the heart and oped the eye.

Oh, the pure and peaceful vision
From the magic of that word;
Oh, from its melodious mission,
How the warm heart-strings were stirr'd!
She had given all her being—
All her light and love to him;
Oh, the charm of ever seeing
Her no more in outline dim!

Oh, the joy to have and hold her;
Oh, the generous heart and true;
Thus to let his fond arms fold her;
Oh, the heavens were brightly blue!
And beneath them, as on highland,
Spread a happy scene before,
As enchanted from the skyland
By a sweet magician's lore!

Stood a cottage by the meadows,
Such as might a manse well be;
Sheltered by a greenwood's shadows,
From the sunblaze o'er the lea;
She was there—its own true lady,
Ruling there by all sweet arts,
Bringing sunshine, making shady,
Ruling all, the queen of hearts!

Little children played before her,
Sweet-eyed girl and brave-browed boy,
Trebly thus should he adore her,
Threefold thus should be her joy.
They should have sweet soul communion
Underneath the summer leaves,
Through the winter-fire's reunion,
Brightest morns and fairest eves!

Many a sweet and touching story
They together should con o'er;
Many a legend of old glory;
Many a work of modern lore.
Many a field path to the village,
On love's errands they should walk,
Many an hour spent in mind's tillage,
Many an hour in pleasant talk!

Holy book and right endeavor,
Solemn thought and deed of love,
Should employ their moments ever,
Living earth's dull life above;
Sharing life in love together,
Journeying onward to the skies;
Living spring in winter weather,
Summer ever in her eyes!

Home amid the grassy wildwood,
Country charms and hearth-stone joy;
Happy wifehood; gladsome childhood;
Sweet-eyed girl and brave-browed boy!
Such the peaceful lovely vision
Which his spirit came to bless,
As on its melodious mission
Breathed she low that soft, sweet Yes.

THE INVENTION OF THE HARMONICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

On a gloomy November afternoon, in the third story of a plain house in the city of London, a cheerful fire sparkled on the hearth of the prettiest corner room one can imagine. It seemed to laugh in the face of the surly winter, who threw handfuls of ice and snowflakes at the windows, raging and howling like an imprisoned bear. The twilight had already begun to wrap the immense city in a gray veil; only the dome of St. Paul's and the giant form of the Tower struggled with the coming darkness, and rose above the clouds that sought to envelope them. The lanterns were alight in the streets, and fought their useful battle with daylight. The corner room was already half in shadow, and the firelight danced up and down the walls, ran over the floor, played on the ceiling, and while doing these expeditions, it touched alternately the faces and forms of four persons who had assembled there. The most remarkable figure in the little group was that of a man who sat close to the fireplace in an arm chair, with his head resting against its back. He was dressed in black, and wore no wig, although such was the fashion of the time, but simply his own thick gray hair, combed smoothly from his temples. And what fine temples, what a forehead! One could not imagine a human face with a handsomer brow; the dreams of a great soul were inscribed upon it, and two clear and intelligent eyes stood beneath as interpreters of those dreams. Who that regarded this head would care to notice whether the features were fine, if youth had passed from cheek and lip, or that the mouth, with its fascinating smile, was regularly formed? His form was not remarkable, but every movement was firm and noble. And his name? Benjamin Franklin! the friend of mankind, the honest American citizen, the renowned scholar. Scientific business had brought him from Philadelphia at the end of the year 1762, to London, where he intended to remain some months. His first visit had been to his respected relative, the excellent Mistress Davies, who had resided in the great capital of the world, in a very retired manner, with her two talented daughters, Mary and Cecilia, ever since the death of her husband. Franklin scarcely remembered the young girls, whom he had only once seen, when they were very young children; and was not a little astonished when two grown up, charming maids of 18 and 19 approached to greet him with all the cordiality of relations. The lively Cecilia clasped him round the neck; her elder sister Mary simply gave him her hand, trembling and blushing as she did so. They could scarcely believe that the great man, on whose renown their mother had fed them, so to speak, really stood before them. Scarcely a day had passed without some conversation between them about him. The glory that surrounded the name of him whom heaven had placed nearer to them than to any others, was as sunshine to the little family. The extraordinary pre-eminence of *this* intellect, the true nobility of *this* soul, was nowhere more deeply and inwardly recognized, than in the third story of the simple London house. Every event in the life of Franklin was related to her daughters by Mistress Davies; all the doings of the great man seemed unimpeachable to the three women. His first love for the beautiful Miss Wells, his separation and after union with her, who had in the meanwhile become the wife of another, had a great attraction for the young girls. Mary could not understand how a maiden, who had been loved by *such* a man, could give her heart to another; while Cecilia remarked very correctly, that Franklin, while courting the charming Miss Wells, was not the *renowned* Franklin.

"Oh, had I only been Miss Wells!" sighed Mary; whereupon her sister answered, a little sharply,

"How can you wish to be old and ugly, and no longer able to sing?"

"Oh, to be loved by him, I would give everything, even my voice!"

"Children, cease your nonsensical chatter!" With these words Mistress Davies interrupted the conversation. "Our distinguished relative is now old and married, and when you see him, neither of you will dream of falling in love with him."

Among those rare and varied species of woman's love, which no scholar has yet thought of reducing to a system, there is one of more common growth, certainly, than the marvellous flower of world defiant passion, but yet touching and attractive in its nature. It is the secret, enthusiastic tenderness, that, with its finger on its lip, follows in the track of distinguished men. At the feet of lofty palm-trees, and strong oaks, this modest flower unfolds its chaste leaves, desiring nothing more than such a position. It is nourished by the sunshine that falls on the head of the tree; her fine roots becoming gradually entwined with his; she feels and suffers with him, although he is not aware of it; and when he dies—she must die with him. But no one, standing in awe beside the overthrown oak, mourns for the violet, crushed by its fall. It would not be difficult to point out the existence of such lovely blooms, in the lives of all great men. Mary Davies was one of the loveliest among them. The news that Franklin was really coming to England, and would remain some months in London, naturally aroused a perfect storm of delight in the Davies' house.

"We must sing to him, often sing to him," cried Cecilia, "so that he may see that there is also something to admire in *us!*" And the charming maiden was right; her singing, and that of Mary, was worthy of admiration; attention had been drawn to the sisters, even in the great city of London, by the rare union of uncommon musical talent and enchanting beauty, with childlike unconsciousness and modesty. The names of the sisters Davies, sufficed to fill any concert room.

At length came the time, when he, the long desired, renowned guest, was really with them, and when he sat with them almost every evening, in the little corner room we described at the commencement of our story.

Mistress Davies, a stately, kind-hearted dame, tripped restlessly hither and thither, drew back a chair here, smoothed a table-cloth there, pushed forward a vase, moved from window to fire place, and said, twenty times, half aloud, "It is almost dark!" She was one of those busy natures that cannot understand the sweet enchantment of the dreamy twilight hour, and she never permitted this dangerous indulgence to her daughters. Since the arrival of their distinguished relative, her patience had been severely tried, for Franklin had a particular fancy for the twilight hour. The girls talked in an under tone at the window. Cecilia sat on a stool at her sister's feet, her pretty arms resting on the other's knees. The rosy face was turned upwards, her thick black curls fell back from her round cheeks, over her well-turned shoulders. She chattered, questioned, and laughed, as a girl of eighteen will chatter, talk, and laugh, but Mary listened absently to the pretty nonsense; her eyes were fixed on Franklin's noble face. Mary was a true daughter of old England; a wondrously lovely creature, with waving golden hair, and a dazzlingly brilliant complexion, all red and white. In her slow movements, in her slender form, in the slight bend of her head towards the left side, lay an indescribable charm; in the slow uplifting of her black eyelashes, in the finely contracted corners of her delicate mouth, an observing eye would have detected the signs of a too-sensitive heart.

"You must sing something for me to-day, my dear girls," said Franklin; "and let it be in the twilight; music has never so sweet, so powerful an effect as then."

The sisters rose; Mary opened the piano that stood at a little distance from the window, and Cecilia pushed the stool towards her. The slender fingers of the eldest sister ran swiftly over the black, rattling keys, that never sounded so harp like, however, as when Mary played. She accompanied her sister's singing. Cecilia's voice was one of astonishing richness and flexibility; a fine soprano. She sang an aria by Handel, with great finish. If voices could be compared to colors, then Cecilia's voice was a sparkling, heavenly blue. The room was two small for the sounds that streamed from this young breast. When she had ended, Franklin turned cheerfully to Mistress Davies, and said,—

"Now, is it still dark here, Fanny? I bathe in light!"

Afterwards, Cecilia said tenderly to her sister, "Come, Mary, sing us one of your old ballads; no grand aria to-night, but one of the little Scottish songs, that no one in the world can sing so well as you!"

And Mary, turning her head once more towards Franklin, shook back her curls, struck a few melancholy chords, and sang in a wonderful, deeply sorrowful tone, an old English song of farewell—

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

In his arm-chair, Franklin bent over his folded hands: the young girl's voice penetrated his inmost heart. He felt himself carried back to the days of his childhood; the voice of his mother fell on his ear; pictures of childhood floated by like shadows of clouds. As the tones grew softer, sorrow overcame him; a vain, endless longing, the longing for his lost youth. At this moment he would have given up everything, name and fame, for the bloom of a youth of twenty. Then he might have pointed to the tears that streamed down his cheeks, and of which the elderly man was almost ashamed. There was something overpoweringly touching in Mary's voice. It trembled out and vibrated like moonbeams on a silent lake, and its peculiar, veiled quality had an indescribable charm. Franklin struggled with his emotion; for his powerful nature was also a delicately organized one. As Mary ended her simple and mournful song, he rose to approach her; striking his forehead suddenly against the mantel-piece, the skin was broken, and a few drops of blood ran down his left temple. This unforseen accident greatly excited the little family. Cecilia called for a light, Mistress Davies hurried to assist Franklin, who, under the effects of emotion, and the sudden pain, had almost fainted; but poor Mary stood helpless in the middle of the room. When the servant girl entered with a branch candlestick, and she heard her mother say, "Come and help me, Hannah, and then run for Doctor S——!" she cast a look of regret towards Franklin, and silently left the room. She ran down stairs, opened the street door, and stood in the snow-covered street. The icy north wind, that blew over her burning cheeks and played with her hair, thrilled her one moment with a cold shudder; then she hurried forward, pursued by the thought—"He may die! and my voice will have been the cause of it!" And then she hated her own voice. Like a shadow she glided past the houses; and now only two streets lay between her and the dwelling of their old friend and physician. There was a sudden noise in a little side street; she did not observe it. A crowd of young men issued forth; the flame of a lantern fell on her lovely pale face; frightened, she drew back into the shadow, but in vain; they surrounded and addressed all sorts of insulting remarks to her. Collecting all her strength, she said with a firm voice, while her heart beat audibly: "For God's sake, let me go! I was fetching the doctor for a dying person. Doctor S—— lives not twenty paces from here." Her death-pale face, her anxious eyes, the tone of her voice, bore so plainly the impress of truth that her tormentors involuntarily drew back. Like a roe pursued by the hunters, she reached the doctor's house, rushed into the old gentleman's study, and with the cry, "Franklin is dying," she fell fainting before him.

Benjamin Franklin had long recovered from what he laughingly called "his little nervous attack;" while the dark angel of death still lingered by Mary's bed. That evening walk, and the strong excitement of the occasion, had brought a severe illness upon the delicate young girl, from which she very slowly recovered. When at last, to the great joy of her mother and sister, she was well enough to sit up, and, supported on the arms of her revered friend, she ventured to walk a few steps once more—when she saw his kind and serious care, she blest in her heart the unfortunate evening that brought her a joy she had not known before—the joy of being cared for by him. Poor Mary! she had as yet no idea what that evening had taken away. A few weeks later she discovered, with unspeakable sorrow, with a grief that almost overpowered her, that she had lost her voice. Doctor S—— was the only one who was not surprised at the consequence of that imprudent evening walk. "This, which you call a misfortune, is scarcely worth talking about," said he; "Mary's life was in question!" He could not understand what made the women weep so despairingly, for Mary's mother and sister grieved scarcely less than herself. Ah! he who possesses not the heavenly gift of song can never fully understand what a source of pure joy, of sweet comfort it is, or how the heart finds in it all which else it must ever long for in vain! He who can sing sings every joy more deeply into his soul, and finds a lullaby for even the bitterest woe. A thousand sweet secrets float to the surface of song; in its tones the heart trembles, weeps, rejoices, discourses of warmest love and longing—and no one dare complain or punish it then.

When, after every possible endeavor to recall the lost treasure, Mary Davies saw that it was indeed gone forever; she did not certainly sink into a hopeless melancholy, but she faded, slowly and silently, like a flower deprived of sunshine. Her artistic piano playing no longer gave her any joy. "It only makes me feel what I have lost, more deeply!" said she, and would only play to accompany her sister. At first she wept whenever Cecilia sang; but she grew more tranquil at last, or at least appeared so. She wished to convince her revered friend of a resignation that, in spite of every effort, she did *not* feel. But Franklin was not deceived. He put off his return to Philadelphia from month to month, and came as usual, almost every evening, to the Davies' house. Only he seemed growing thoughtful and absent-minded, and scarcely joined in the conversation that Mistress Davies and Cecilia addressed to him. He would not hear music; and so the little piano remained closed while he was there. But when Mary spoke to him, with her soft, broken voice, he would kindly reply; even when she only moved he would glance towards her, no matter how deeply sunken in thought he might appear. He followed her with his eyes; no sigh, no secret tear, no shadow of pain floating over her brow, escaped him. But he said nothing about Mary's loss.

So week after week slipped by; summer prepared for departure; the first leaves began to fall. One evening Benjamin Franklin came later than usual to the little corner room. Mother and daughters sat round the small table: Cecilia was reading, Mistress Davies working, Mary dreaming. She looked with surprise on their visitor; an unspeakable happiness brightened his eyes, and overflowed her heart, as she met his glance, with a warm feeling of joy. He stepped up to her, and took her hand. "Dear, dear Mary," said he softly, "you lost for my sake, your sweet voice, whose tones I shall never forget; to-day I bring you an indemnification for it; you shall sing again, although not with your lips; stay here patiently, while I step into the next room, and listen attentively to the tones that will reach you." Expectantly, and almost trembling, the women crowded together; the door of the adjoining room remained half open. A short pause—then flowed rippled tones of the sweetest nature over the ears and hearts of the listeners—tones of so sweet, so soft, so touching a quality, that neither flute, nor harp, nor any instrument with which the women were acquainted, could be compared to it. They were sounds belonging to another sphere, tones of a transfigured human voice, an angelic song, that it was almost impossible to bear without tears. The listeners felt pleasure and sorrow at the same time; their hearts were almost melted within them. And as the wondrous music swelled more loudly they all recognized the bitter-sweet melody of the old English song, the last that Mary sang—

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

And then they thought they really heard Mary's voice; that rich, soul-full, heart-moving voice, now dead forever. The woman sobbed aloud, and Mary, no longer able to contain herself, flew, with a long cry of painful rapture, into the adjoining room. Franklin sat before a strange instrument, placed on a cylinder that rested on a pedestal. To this cylinder, half globes of glass, of regularly graduated dimensions, were attached, in such a manner, that the edge of each half-globe rested above the next one. Franklin placed his finger tips on the rims of the glasses, and, setting the cylinder in motion by a movement of his foot, the magical tones were produced. "It was thus you sung, Mary!" cried he, to the surprised and excited maiden. "And now, come and let me teach you to sing again; and when you sing on this, my soul will sing with you. I have found your voice for you again!"

It was the lovely Mary Davies, who afterwards astonished the world with this wonderful new invention of the renowned Franklin. The Harmonica, he called it. By means of an untiring perseverance, she attained unheard of dexterity on this extraordinary instrument. When she had bidden farewell to her worshipped friend—a personal farewell, only, for her soul was in his hands—when Franklin returned to America, she travelled; first to France, and then through Germany, and was heard in most of the large cities as a harmonica-player. No one has played it like her, since; her whole soul poured through her slender fingers, when she touched the glasses. She was so beautiful in such moments, so carried away by enthusiasm, so sparkling with secret delight, that those who looked and listened, were seized with a sympathetic rapture. Many could not bear the tones; ladies fainted, or burst into tears; but crowds attended the short concerts of the pretty Englishwoman, and regarded them as festivals. When Mary's mother died, and her sister Cecilia began to make a noise in Italy as a distinguished songstress, she returned to London, and then discovered that this second voice had injured her health far more than it was possible for the first to injure it. Alone, separated from those who were dearest to her, Mary saw the days pass and go, without hope, but also without complaint. She was even cheerful; for she could still sing on her instrument; and—his soul sung with her! And this voice, which she had received from him, remained still young and wondrously fine, even when Mary's curls had turned white, and the hard hand of time had disfigured her blooming face. But whither did she seek to waft those exquisite tones which she allured from her beloved harmonica every evening? Who could tell?

The physicians were astonished that this fragile life still held out; they could not understand what sustained it, they had foretold Mary's death for years. Surely there was some power on earth impossible to withstand, that retained this soul firmly in its shattered covering.

It was the 27th of April, 1790, when Mary desired them to lead her once more to the harmonica; with a happy smile she touched the glasses; the melody of the song

"Then fare-thee-well, my own dear love!"

sounded beneath her still beautiful hands. Suddenly she arose, listened, leaned back, and—ceased to breathe. The thread of her feeble existence was broken.

At the same moment, but far from that silent chamber of death, across the wide ocean, the angel of death bore aloft a great strong soul; the soul of Benjamin Franklin.

When First the Bells Proclaimed Thee Mine.

When first the bells proclaim'd thee mine, love,
And we had breathed the sacred vow,
How bright were those dear eyes of thine, love!
And fair the tresses on thy brow;
Thy step was light as falling blossom,
Thine angel form almost divine;
Thy voice was music to my bosom,
When first the bells proclaimed thee mine.

Long years of change have passed away, love,
Since first the bells proclaim'd thee mine,
The locks upon thy brow are gray, love,
And dim are now those eyes of thine;
But though thy every charm may wither,
Like flowers that bloom but to decay,
Still heart to heart we'll cling together,
Till we have loved our lives away.

WOMEN, THINGS TO BE AFRAID OF!—So said "one of the most pure and lofty men of genius modern Italy has produced," Leopardi, who (the Christian Examiner tells us,) "uniting deformity and fragility of person with deep sensibility and profound insight—condemned both to feel all the attractions and to read all the mysteries of female character—has left on record, in the midst of his high speculations, learned theses, and grand verse, the plaintiff confession that the union of beauty and artifice in his experience of the sex was such a moral incongruity, that fear was the prevailing emotion they woke in his noble soul."

☞ "I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea!" roared a bad singer. "You're not," cried a musical punster in company, "you would be on the C if you sung in tune; but you're on the B flat, confound you!"

A STREET SWEEPER'S STORY.

A London paper tells the following story, which has an air of reality, but is almost too singular for belief:—

The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourne, near Birmingham, was on one occasion in London, when he was obliged, in consequence of a heavy shower of rain, to take shelter under an archway. The rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was consequently obliged to remain in his place of shelter, although beginning to suffer from his prolonged exposure to the damp and cold atmosphere. Under these circumstances, he was agreeably surprised when the door of a handsome house opposite was opened, and a footman, in a splendid livery, with an umbrella, approached with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway that he feared he might take cold, and would therefore be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted.

He was ushered into a handsomely furnished dining-room, where the master of the house was sitting, and received from him a kindly welcome. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox set his eyes on his host, when he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before, but where, or in what circumstances, he found himself unable to call to mind. The gentleman soon engaged in interesting and animated conversation, which was carried on with increasing mutual respect and confidence; while all the time this remembrance kept constantly recurring to Mr. Simcox, whose inquiring glance at last betrayed to his host what was passing in his mind.

"You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before-"

Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion.

"You are right, sir," replied the old gentleman; "and if you will pledge me your word as a man of honor not to disclose to any one that which I am now going to tell you, until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have seen me. In St. James' Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day a man who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by the strange peculiarity, that whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a half-penny, and will scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence, he will be sure to give you five-pence half-penny back again.' Of course, his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and, as crowds of people are continually passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a half-penny from the curiosity of the passers-by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion.

"I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago, I first hit upon that expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on, until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investments, realized a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me at this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that although I am no longer under any necessity of continuing the plan, I find myself unable to give it up; and accordingly, every morning I leave my home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park, till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner as you see me this day."

Mr. Simcox scrupulously fulfilled his pledge; but having seen in the London papers the announcement of the beggar's death, he then communicated this strange story to a friend.

SMART CHILDREN.

A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight. It is too often the death warrant, such as the condemned stupidly looks at—fatal, yet beyond his comprehension. What should a child three years old—nay, five or six years old—be taught? Strong meats for strong digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. We would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and, in children's out-of-door plays, soils them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures, by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and begets a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes.

Let children have free, open-air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkeys, and the chickens—they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones; encourage a familiarity with all who love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them, which the world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving, than that you would make them wise. Above all things make them loving, and then, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go.

☞ He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the life of both, and is as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.—*Burke.*

A GOOD CHESS ANECDOTE.

We will premise by saying that this most noble and intellectual of all games is fast becoming popularized throughout the whole length and breadth of the United States. On every hand we hear of a great and growing interest being taken in chess that must be extensively gratifying to its votaries. Clubs are springing up, like Jonah's Gourd, all over the country. In obscure and distant places we are daily learning of the existence of chess circles, numbering in their midst some "old Trojan"—an emigrant from the European clubs. A traveller in our Western wilds would be "picked up" often, and where he least expected it, if he set himself up as an Achilles at the game.

We have an amusing story, in point, told of our friend Dr. Raphael, of Louisville, Ky., (one of the prize bearers in the American Chess Congress,) growing out of an assumption of this kind. He was travelling on the upper Mississippi, when he observed the passengers absorbed over a chess board. Of course he looked over the game. At its close, the victor gazed around, like Alexander or Morphy, in quest of new worlds to conquer. As the stranger had already vanquished some half dozen competitors, he began to "feel his oats," and asked the Doctor to play, remarking, at the same time, that he—the stranger—was an excellent player, and unless the Doctor was a proficient, it was hardly worth his while to demolish him. The Doctor waggishly said, that the game might be equalised by taking the odds of a Queen. This being agreed upon, the Doctor won, but with *apparent* difficulty. The stranger fidgetted in his seat, declared that he was not in his usual way, and thought a Queen was 'most too great odds, but that a rook would make it easy work for him. At it they went again, and another game was scored to the Doctor, but with the semblance of greater labor than before. Then came the stereotyped excuses—"Hadn't played with a good player for a long time," "had spoilt his play by previous encounters with weaker players," &c., &c. The Doctor mildly suggested, that perhaps with a knight he might have better success. So the knight was given, but with a similar result. Then the stranger declared "he couldn't understand it," "he didn't play with anything like his usual force," etc., etc. The Doctor acquiesced in these opinions, and blandly said that a "a pawn and two" would be about the thing. The issue was as before, when the stranger remarked that he was not in the habit of playing at odds, but that at even play he thought himself a match for 'most anybody. The Doctor said he had little hope of winning, but that, emboldened by success, he would try an even game. This time the Doctor gave him a touch of the bishop's gambit and finished his opponent in a masterly style. Then came the Doctor's turn to propose odds, and he offered to give "a pawn and move," "just for the fun of the thing." He fared as before, when the Doctor gave, with like success, the "pawn and two," then the knight, the rook, and finally the *queen!*

This all occupied the leisure of several days, and served to beguile the monotony of the passage, ending by making quite a Hon of the Doctor, and a butt of the pretentious stranger, among their fellow passengers.

The truth is, that chess is a dangerous game to boast about, not only for a mere pretender, but even for a tolerably fair player. Infinite in its combinations and variations—defying in these the calculations of mathematics—so vast and comprehensive is its nature, that, unlike the exact sciences, the human mind cannot wholly grasp or fathom it—(even the plummet of Morphy's intellect cannot sound its lowest depths.) Nothing verifies better than chess, the Spanish adage, that "strength is relative." The Ajax of one country or locality may be a comparative tyro in another.—*Spirit of the Times.*

SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady and cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, to be always looking in the face of others for approval, to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting, to hear the echoes of our own voices.

LONG NAMES.—The Kaffir has no family name, but is provided with one, according to some accidental circumstance, at his birth; this name he afterwards changes for one recording a deed of bravery or a personal characteristic. Thus "The boy who was born in a hole," may become "The hunter that caused the game to roll over," and "The child born when the sun shone," may be, "The man with the big beard," or "The man with the broad face." Europeans are also rechristened in the Kaffir manner. A lady who walked with a brisk and staccato step, was "One who moves in little cracks," or literally, "Crackle-gait;" and a clergyman's daughter, who had the habit of looking quickly from side to side, was "One who looks out in all directions in order to see."

FEVER AND AGUE DISTRICTS.—If breakfast were taken before going out, in those regions where chills and fever, and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room, for the hour including sunset and sunrise, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not ten-fold, but a thousand-fold, because the heat of the fire would rarify the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fires night and morning all summer, and not one in a thousand who reads this will put the suggestion into practice, it being no "trouble," requiring no effort, to shiver and shake by the hour, daily, for weeks and months together! such is the stupidity of the animal, man!

AN INVOCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY OLIVE E. PAINE.

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed."

Come not to the hearthstone in sadness,
With gloom-shaded brow,
But joy in the hours of earth gladness
That shine o'er thee now.
The cheerful heart seeth a future
Unshadowed by care;
The sunny eye looks not for thorns, while
The roses are fair.

Rouse! heart, from the mist that is darkly
Enshrouding thy way;
From the storm that is gathering around thee,
Look up to the day;
Repine not, that hopes thou hast braided
Are vanished and gone;
Though one star of splendor hath faded,
Another will dawn.

Fling off the dark spell. Never borrow
The future's sad fears.
Life hath more of sunshine than sorrow,
More smiling than tears.
There's joy in the pathway of duty;
If noble and true,
This earth will be garnished with beauty
For me and for you.

Love's voice round our pathway is swelling,
If we will but hear,
And pity in bosoms indwelling,
Hath accents of cheer.
Sweet charity walketh beside us,
And shining eyes gleam,
Unchanging, though storms should betide us
On time's rushing stream.

Look up, fainting heart! for the cloud-rifts
With rainbows are rife,
And open thine eyes to the richness
And glory of life.
Press onward! Be thine a true mission,
A labor of love,
For angels are waiting to crown thee
Victorious—above.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER V.

EVILS.

Certain changes, in course of time, took place at Danesbury House. Few persons could be less alike than the late Miss St. George and the present Mrs. Danesbury; they were as two separate and distinct women, especially in the matter of temper, and Mr. Danesbury could not fail to observe that they were. The servants experienced it to their cost, and Isabel also, to hers.

Isabel and her new mamma did not certainly get on well together, and yet Isabel was a sweet-tempered child, remarkably lady-like and graceful. Glisson spoke out openly, and in the hearing of her master: "It was Mrs. Danesbury's fractiousness." Mr. Danesbury knew that his wife was in delicate health, and he believed that must be the reason of her being so cross and irritable; but, so far as Isabel was concerned, he speedily set about a remedy. A gentlewoman of superior mind and manners was taken into the house as her governess, and he gave the little girl into her companionship and charge. "It will be less trouble for you," was the excuse he offered to his wife. Mrs. Danesbury seemed inclined to rebel: she did not want a governess in the house, she said; Isabel might be sent to a first-class school: but Mr. Danesbury was perfectly firm upon the point, and his wife saw that he was, and submitted. Arthur was away at school, having been placed out in the spring: strictly speaking, it could not, however, be called a school: a clergyman received half-a-dozen select pupils, and Arthur made one. Mr. Danesbury was one of those wise-judging fathers, who deem no money wasted that is spent upon education.

With the coming winter, a boy was born to the second Mrs. Danesbury. It was named Robert, and Glisson was constituted its nurse, the care of little Master William being turned over to Jessy. But before this could be effected, Glisson and her mistress nearly came to a battle royal. In the first place, Glisson though ready and willing enough to take to an infant of Mr. Danesbury, had an insuperable objection to be charged with any child of Mrs. Danesbury; and, secondly, she vowed and protested that she would not give up William. But Glisson, like her betters, found herself obliged to yield to circumstances. She was at liberty to remain in the house and attend to William, if she pleased, but not as head nurse, for whoever took charge of the infant must fill that post. Of course, for Glisson to remain in the Danesbury nursery, and not be its head, was out of the question; therefore, with much outward crustiness and inward heart-burning, she did at length consent to make the change. All this unpleasantness—and in Glisson's opinion it had been nothing but unpleasantness for the past year—did not tend to improve Glisson's patience, nor yet her self-restraint.

One evening when spring was drawing on, and the infant was three or four months old, Mr. Danesbury being absent on a journey, Mrs. Danesbury retired to her room early, not feeling well. She heard the baby cry an unusual length of time, so, throwing on a shawl, for she was partially undressed, she proceeded to the night nursery. There sat Glisson, fast asleep. Mrs. Danesbury took up her struggling, crying child, and turned to the nurse.

"Glisson."

Glisson took no notice.

"Glisson! what is the matter with you? How dare you sleep like this, when the child's screaming? He might have been choked."

She shook the woman roughly by the arm, and Glisson opened her eyes. Alas! she had been taking something which rendered it difficult to awake readily from her state of stupidity. Mrs. Danesbury stood confounded: and in the same moment she became conscious of a strong smell of gin, and saw an empty glass and spoon on the floor.

Glisson rose up from her seat, staggered, and sank down in it again. Mrs. Danesbury rang the bell violently, and Jessy came running up.

"Jessy," cried her mistress, "do you see this woman? She has been drinking. She is drunk."

Jessy made some incoherent reply. She was aware that Glisson, though horror-struck and repentant at the time of her late mistress's death, had afterwards recommenced her habit of drinking gin. But Jessy did not consider that it was her place to betray her, especially as Glisson, so far as Jessy saw, never took sufficient to render her incapable of her duties.

Mrs. Danesbury, giving the infant into Jessy's hands, proceeded to rummage the room, and found the gin bottle. Her passion rose with the sight.

"What am I to do with you, you wicked, drunken woman?"

"No more drunk than you, ma'am," hiccuped Glisson—who was just well enough to be abusive. "Who says I'm drunk?"

"Jessy," cried Mrs. Danesbury, "did you see her drinking it?"

"I saw her drink her ale at supper," replied Jessy.

"I say, did you see her drink *this*?" sharply repeated Mrs. Danesbury, touching the glass with her foot.

"No ma'am. I have not been up stairs."

"If you had seen her, and suffered her to drink herself into this state without informing me, I would have turned you away in disgrace along with her," said Mrs. Danesbury. "This must have been a nightly habit."

"I do not come into this room at night," was Jessy's reply. "I have nothing to do here."

"You shameless creature!" continued Mrs. Danesbury, turning to Glisson. "Is not your good strong supper ale enough for you, but you must drink gin upon it? Shameful!"

"Highty tighty!" broke out Glisson, "gin upon ale? Don't other folks do the same? You have your strong ale, ma'am at supper, and you can take your spirits after it: sometimes it's gin, and sometimes it's brandy, but you don't go to bed without one of 'em. It's shameful, is it, for a poor hardworking servant? What is it for you, ma'am? Where's the difference? I suppose you can stand it best: more used to it, may be."

Mrs. Danesbury was struck dumb with rage: and the more especially that she could not contradict the chief facts. For she did drink strong ale at supper, and she did, in general, take a glass of spirits and water afterwards. It was the custom to drink spirits at night at Mr. Serle's, and she had recommenced it after she became Mrs. Danesbury. The comparison was not pleasant, and she began a passionate abuse of Glisson—which might have been more temperate, but for what she had herself taken.

An unseemly quarrel ensued. Glisson was sullen and insolent; Mrs. Danesbury violent. *She at length struck Glisson, in her passion,* and ordered her to quit the house, then and there.

Glisson refused to go. She was as obstinate as her mistress, and it ended by her remaining; Jessy taking charge of the infant for the night.

Glisson was in her sober senses the next morning, penitent and low-spirited. Mrs. Danesbury, cold, sulky, and unforgiving, stood over her while she packed her boxes, and then ordered one of the men-servants to show her out of the house. This accomplished, she went into the day nursery, where sat Jessy with William and the infant.

"I have been thinking that I would prefer you to a stranger," said Mrs. Danesbury to Jessy. "Will you take Glisson's place, and I will engage another for Master William?"

Jessy could only decline. The request gave her courage to say what she had been going to say for two or three weeks past—that she was soon about to leave.

"Have you any fault to find with the house?" imperiously demanded Mrs. Danesbury.

"Oh, no, ma'am. But—I suppose I must tell you," stammered Jessy, "I am thinking of getting married."

"To whom, pray?"

"To Richard Gould, one of Mr. Danesbury's men. But I will stay a month or two, or even three, ma'am, if you wish, while you suit yourself."

Mrs. Danesbury, in her exasperation, thought everything was going against her, and she turned away without vouchsafing an answer.

Three or four mornings afterwards, Mr. Danesbury returned. His wife immediately gave him an account of Glisson's misconduct; truth to say, an exaggerated one. For, now that she had had time to cool down, she doubted whether her husband would approve of so summary a mode of dealing with an old and respected servant. Mr. Danesbury was proceeding to the factory afterwards, when he met Jessy and little William. The child held out his arms, and Mr. Danesbury took him up.

"Jessy," he exclaimed, "what a strange thing this is about Glisson! How came she to get into such a state?"

"It was very unfortunate, sir."

"Did she actually strike her mistress?"

"Oh, no, sir," hastily answered Jessy, "she did not do that. It was my mistress—"

"Your mistress—what?" said he, for Jessy had stopped short.

"Speak out," continued Mr. Danesbury, in his kind but commanding way, for Jessy still hesitated. "I wish to know the particulars of this affair."

"It was my mistress struck her, sir."

"Did she not strike your mistress?"

"No, indeed, sir, she did not so far forget herself as that. She was abusive, and said things which she would not have said had she been sober."

"Was it a nightly habit with her?"

"I am sure, sir, I hardly know what to say," was Jessy's rejoinder. "I'm afraid she took a little occasionally, but I should think she was never like's she was that night."

"Where is she gone?"

"No one seems to know where. She has not been seen since."

Mr. Danesbury put William down again, and was walking off, but turned again.

"Jessy, I hear you are going to leave, too."

Jessy looked foolish.

"Yes, sir."

"We shall be sorry to lose you, for you have done your duty, but if folks will get married, why they will. Which of the men is it? Mrs. Danesbury forgot the name."

"It's Richard Gould, sir," answered Jessy, with down-cast eyes and a crimson face.

"Richard Gould," slowly repeated Mr. Danesbury, as if pondering over the man's merits and demerits. "Well, Jessy, he is a clever workman, and may rise to a good post in the establishment. That is, if he pleases; if he will keep steady."

Scarcely had Mr. Danesbury moved away, when a good-looking young man in a workman's dress, approached Jessy, from an opposite direction. It was Richard Gould.

"Jessy, wasn't that the master?" he asked, before he had well reached her.

"Yes."

"I must be off into the factory, then. When the master's eyes are about, there's no skulking for anybody."

"You out to be as diligent when he is absent as when he is present, Richard."

"Oughts don't count always, my little moraliser. I'm diligent enough."

"Richard, I saw Mr. Harding yesterday. What do you think he said?"

"Anything about me?"

"That you were getting to go out with the men to the public-houses after work. And if he saw that you continued to do it, he should write to my father to stop our wedding."

"I don't go to the public-houses," returned Richard Gould.

"He said you were there on Saturday night."

"Saturday night? Well; I believe I did go in for an hour with Foster. It did not harm me."

"And on Thursday night also," she continued.

"What an audacious—. Stop," cried Richard, pulling his speech suddenly up, "don't let me tell a story. Thursday night?—that was the night I was hunting for Jackson. I had to get instructions from him about the morning's work, and found him at the Pig and Whistle. I sat the long spell of half-an-hour with him at the Pig, and drank one glass of ale, which he stood treat for. Much harm that did me, didn't it!"

"It is not the harm it does now that matters, but the getting into the habit. Uncle Harding says, if men once get into a habit of going to public houses of a night, they are sure never to get out of it, and they don't know where it will end; and if no bad ending comes, it runs away with money that might be spent better."

"That's all true," answered the young man, "and Mr. Harding need not fear that I am going to get into it. I shall speak to him about this. Good-bye, Jessy."

Do what they would, they could not hear of Glisson. Mr. Danesbury made inquiry, but was unable to trace her, and a strong fear, a dread which he would not mention to any one, was beginning to dawn over him—whether, in her grief and despair at the exposure which had taken place, and at being turned from her many years' home, she might not have committed suicide. In three or four weeks, however, tidings came from Glisson herself. She was in London—and now sent to draw out of Mr. Danesbury's hands a sum of money which he held for her at interest. It was £130, all she had saved, except the wages paid her by Mrs. Danesbury the morning of her departure. Mr. Danesbury wrote to her, as did Mrs. Philip Danesbury, kind letters, inquiring her plans, and so forth, but Glisson never answered.

Yes; Glisson had found her way to London. She had a brother living there, and she went to seek him. His address was somewhat vague:—Daniel Low, Cow Corner, Commercial Road. Nearly a half day spent Glisson, hunting out Cow Corner, and then nearly another half inquiring after Daniel Low. At last she met a man, who was hawking cauliflowers upon a flat board or barrow, and he, hearing the name, said there was a Dan Low in "his line," and he lived in Cass Court, Whitechapel. Glisson thought if his line meant crying vegetables about the streets, her brother must have considerably fallen; he used to be a respectable market gardener; or, as they call it in London, a green-grocer.

It was evening when Glisson emerged from Cow Corner and its alleys, to find out Cass Court, and the street lamps were lighted. It was the first evening she had ever spent in London; moreover, it was Saturday evening, and Glisson was thunderstruck, bewildered with the noise, the bustle, the glare and confusion. Every tenth house or so was a flaring gin-shop—a palace, as they are called—and veritable palaces did they appear to the astounded Glisson. She stopped opposite the first she came to, and gazed in mute admiration. Its brilliant lamps were beautiful with colors and devices; and its warm, pleasant stream of light came flashing across the street every time the door opened. Glisson got jostled by the crowd at its doors; but, so intense was her entrancement, that at first she did not notice what an unhallowed crowd it was. Soon she sprang away to avoid their contact. Contact with them! Glisson shuddered, and looked at them. Could they be human beings? The rags and the tatters—the scarce covered nakedness, were not the worst: Glisson had seen that in street beggars; but such forms and faces as these she had never seen. The ghastly squalor of the thin features, the dreadful eyes, the scarlet lips, struck upon her with awe; while the countenances gave out that look of apathy, of pallid despair, which told that the crushed, diseased spirit was fast galloping on to death. Glisson drew herself beyond their circle, and stopped again to look at them; and the sight never was erased from her memory during life. Such as had money were pouring in and out at those swinging doors, and such as had not vented their anger and misery aloud outside. She did well to close her ears with her two fingers, for they had never yet heard such language, sin and blasphemy, so great as that crowd was shouting—and it was well that ears never should hear it, be they those of man or woman.

Glisson roused herself and continued her way. She seemed to have gazed her fill, both at the palace and its visitors. A few steps further she came upon another. "What, another!" uttered Glisson, in her surprise. Yes, there was; it was on the opposite side of the street, and it emitted the same tempting flood of gorgeous light, and the same sort of hideous mob was blocking up its entrance. A prolonged stare, and on stepped Glisson again; but soon she came to another halt, for there was actually a third. She began to think they must be common; and she was right. They were scattered everywhere, and not only in that street, but in all the others, round about, and across again, and down turnings, and up lanes, and were especially prevalent at corners—more dark misery, more raving sin; and a thought darted into the mind of Glisson (whatever her own practice had been). Upon a city so contaminated could the divine blessing rest?

Intemperance is, indeed, as a very plague spot in the metropolis. It is heard of in mansions—it is seen in dens—it staggers through the streets, lurking in the alleys and the dark corners—it cries aloud from the police courts—it fills the prisons and the hospitals—and it taints with its black infection our homes and hearths. It is the curse of England's poor. Glisson saw enough of it that night, and of the facilities afforded for its indulgence. How many of that unhappy crowd might have been arrested in their downward course; nay, never have entered upon it, but for the terrible temptations thrust upon them every hour, and at every step, by these meretricious liquor shops! Numbers of them were respectable once, hard-working and contented, until the stealthy vice insinuated itself upon them. Not all at once did it come, in its full baleful aspect, but gradually and imperceptibly; moderation grew to deep drinking, deep drinking to excess, excess to an impossibility to abstain; and there they were now, crowding round—fascinated by the subtle glare, the poisonous snares of that destroying place, false as the name given to it!

Glisson, all in a maze, at length reached Cass Court, after many turnings and some mis-directions, and at the entrance of Cass Court Glisson paused, afraid to enter it. It was but one of many other such "Courts," and the same features were seen in all. The tumble-down, dirty houses nearly touched each other, so narrow was the space between them; while from the dilapidated windows hung old cords, on which were stretched rags to dry. As Glisson went gingerly up it her skirts lifted, and picking her way the inhabitants flocked after her, so different was she from the natives usually seen there. A respectable-looking woman in a claret-colored merino gown, a warm Paisley shawl, and a straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with black velvet, gloves, and an umbrella, was indeed a phenomenon for Cass Court to stare at. Men, some tolerably decent, others whose clothes hung upon them in the most way as *dilapidations would permit*, leaned against the walls, smoking short pipes; women, worse off still in the matter of garments, stood screaming and scolding, their hair hanging about their ears, as if they had quarrelled with combs and brushes, altogether miserable objects to look upon; and children sat about, or lay in the gutter—such children as Glisson had never seen yet. She piloted her way amidst the lot, and addressed herself to a man who wore a civil face.

"Can you tell me whether a person named Daniel Low lives here?"

"Dan Low; yes. That's where he hangs out," pointing to one of the houses opposite. "Front room, first pair."

Glisson looked at in doubt: she knew her brother had not been prosperous of late years, by the many calls he had made, or tried to make, on Glisson's purse, but she could not believe he was reduced to live in this sort of plight, in a Cass Court. Just then a woman put her face to a broken pane of glass in the room indicated, and the man spoke.

"Here, missis; here's a lady asking after your Dan."

"After our Dan! What's he been up to?"

"'Taint that sort o' thing. It's a stranger."

"He ain't at home yet; he's on his rounds."

"Better go up, if you want 'em," concluded the man to Glisson.

She proceeded to the room indicated. It was nearly bare of furniture, save for a rude bed (or what served for one) down in a corner: a more miserable habitation it was almost impossible to conceive, and Glisson's courage died out as she gazed at it. The woman was washing some things in a tub, which things would soon be hung in the room to dry: could it really be her brother's wife? Glisson had seen her once, and then she was a pretty young woman; now all signs of prettiness were gone; her face was wrinkled, wearing a perpetual look of hard care, and her hair had turned grey; such hair! sticking out over her head, a tangled mass.

"Are you Emma Low?"

The woman fixed her eyes wonderingly on the intruder.

"Why—it's not—it's never Mrs. Glisson!"

"Yes, it's me," said Glisson. "Have you a chair, or anything I can sit down for a minute: I am quite overcome at finding you in this state."

Emma Low brought forward a chair from which the rush seat was gone, but she clapped a piece of board across it, and Glisson sat down. "What a dreadful place to live in!" she uttered. "I wonder the close air doesn't kill you!"

"Well, I thought it bad when we first came here," returned the wife; "but we got used to it. So you be in London!"

"How's Daniel? and how are the children?" asked Glisson.

"Middling. Dan's on his rounds: he won't be here for another hour yet. Saturdays is busy nights with 'em. The young 'uns be out in the court, and about."

"What do you mean by Daniel's rounds?" questioned Glisson, puzzled at the word.

"Dan's a costermonger now; he hawks things about the streets in his hand-barrow, and we call it going his rounds. He has stuck to it ever since our business failed."

"How did it come to fail?" asked Glisson.

"Ah! how do things come to fail? Ill luck: and expenses was great."

"Is Daniel steady?"

"He's pretty well: better than some around us. He might be steadier if he would, and then we should have kept our shop on, and a good roof over our heads."

"Do you manage to get a living?" continued Glisson.

"Of course we get a living, such as it is, or else we should be on the tramp, or in the work-house. But it's starving, half the time. I'm sorry I have got nothing in the place to ask you to have," she added, "and till Dan comes home I don't possess a single copper."

"Oh," said Glisson, hastily, turning against the idea of eating in such an atmosphere, "I could not take anything, if you had your cupboard full. I went into a coffee-shop and got a cup of tea and some bread and butter, and I am tired to death, for I have been looking for you three parts of the day."

"Have you come to London with the family?" asked Mrs. Low.

"No, I have left them."

"Left them!" was the echo. "After being there so long!"

"My mistress died," said Glisson, "and there's a second mistress now, and I did not take kindly to her, nor she to me."

The children came in, one by one, three of them, the eldest about eleven, and they were severally put to bed—after the fashion of putting to bed prevailing in that locality. Their upper garment was taken off, their rags were kept on, and they lay down.

"They have not said their prayers," cried Glisson.

"Prayers!" uttered Emma Low in an accent of much surprise, while the children stared vacantly. "Oh, law! we don't have time for those sort of things here."

"Where do you and Daniel sleep?" next asked Glisson.

"There!"

"There! on that bed, with all the three children?" returned she.

"Where else are we to sleep? 'Twasn't comfortable when we had first to do it; but it's astonishing how you get used to a thing, when there's no help against it."

"And young Dan?" continued Glisson. "And Mary? I suppose he's out with his father."

"Indeed he's not. Young Dan has set-up for himself. He has left us, and got a barrow, and goes round with winkles and herrings, and such like, or fruit when it's in. He has took-up with a girl, and she goes round with him. I b'lieve they get a living, somehow."

Glisson did not penetrate to the meaning of the phrase "took-up," in the sense it was spoken, or she would have wondered more than she did; but the rest of the information afforded her considerable amazement.

"Why, Dan is only sixteen!" she replied; "he's only a boy."

"There's hardly a boy of that age in our Court, but what thinks himself a man," was Emma Low's answer. "As to Polly, she's out on her own account, too. It makes less mouths to feed at home, and folks, come to what we have, can't afford to be nice, and to stick at trifles."

She sighed deeply as she spoke. Glisson, full of strange doubt, but not venturing to ask questions which might solve it, sat in silence, and at that juncture a little boy came up the stairs.

"Can you lend mother a bit of candle, please? and she'll pay it back again when father's home."

"I hav'nt got a morsel but this I'm using, Jemmy, or else, tell your mother, she might be welcome to it," replied Mrs. Low.

The boy did not go away immediately. He stood looking down at the three faces in the bed.

"He is thinking there's enough of 'em there for one bed," spoke Glisson in her ignorance.

Emma Low could not forbear a faint laugh, though she and merriment seemed to have parted company long ago.

"Here, Jemmy," said she to the boy, "tell that lady how you sleep in your room."

"We all sleeps in a big bed," said he, turning up his wan face to Glisson, with a good-humored smile; "it's as big as that."

That was about a third less large than the one Glisson had enjoyed to herself at Danesbury House.

"But tell who sleeps in it, Jemmy," persisted Mrs. Low.

"Father, and mother, and Catherine, and the babby, at the top; and me, and Neddy, and Sam, at the bottom," was the ready answer.

"So that's two more than our lot," said Emma Low to Glisson, as the boy went out.

Daniel Low came in. He was dressed pretty tidily in fustian, and was excessively astonished to see his sister. He gave her a history of his downfall, ascribing it to every cause but the right one—drink. He had brought home money, and his first thought was hospitality: one of the children was roused from the bed, and sent to the palace at the corner of Cass Court, for a pint of "Old Tom," and the three sat down and discussed the gin, Emma Low providing hot water and three cracked tea-cups. Then he put Glisson into an omnibus which would take her to the inn where she had arrived late the previous night, and where she had left her boxes.

As a child's mind gradually awakens to the wonders of the world, so did Glisson's senses awake, by degrees, to the wonders of Cass Court. She was alone in London, knowing nobody, and the first shock—the first distaste gone off, she naturally sought her relations often. Glisson's heart was good; and she was deliberating whether she could not assist them to rise out of their fallen and most undesirable position. Hence she spent many an hour in Cass Court, and its evils were progressively unfolded to her. Cass Court was not the worst of its kind; others there were, not far from it, the very hot-beds of crime—shunned, even by the police, as being desperately dangerous and wicked. Take Cass Court as a whole, it was honest; and, taking it in comparison, it was respectable—in comparison, mind, with those other places hinted at. Also, it was hard working; but the great failing of Cass Court was its dreadful poverty—and that poverty was caused by the fact that one half of what was earned was spent in drink. The occupation followed by many of the men was the same as that of Glisson's brother—they were costermongers in the London streets. Their social and moral state was mostly bad, and they did not care to rise from it. When the men were "off their rounds," and when those, pursuing other callings, had left work in the evening, their abiding place was the ale-house or the gin-shop, or some low place of amusement, where they could also get drink, or else take it with them. Too often their wives accompanied them: we say "wives," as we are writing for polite ears—Glisson used to pay them the same compliment; but not one couple in ten were legally bound together, or had ever been inside a church in their lives. Glisson understood now what the "setting up" meant. As boys and girls grew they left their parents, other boys and girls doing the same, and set-up on their own account: in pairs, of course. Children of fourteen, sixteen, eighteen years. The parents winked at it; some went so far as to recommend it. In Mrs. Low's sentence there was an emphatic meaning—"It's less mouths to feed at home!" The only stock-in trade necessary to set up with was a hand-barrow, and this they contrived to get, having a few shillings in reserve to purchase the first load, whether stale fish, stale fruit, or stale vegetables. Thus they started in life, and generally obtained enough to live, or, it may be more correct to say, they obtained enough not to die. They also obtained drink; whether food was had or not, drink must be found. They also enjoyed their evening's amusements, and they would enjoy them—those amusements and the drink constituting the paradise of their lives. Once Glisson was persuaded into going; it was to a theatrical entertainment—if her Majesty's chamberlain will not bring an action against us for calling it such. Glisson paid for the *lot*—that is, for her party a penny each, which was the price of admission to the theatre. The audience was numerous; men and women, boys and girls; some had pewter pots of porter to regale themselves with, some had stone bottles of gin, and short pipes were plentiful. The representation began, and Glisson stopped for a whole quarter of an hour, and then struggled out of the place, her face red, and her mind indignant, for such language, such ideas, she had never dreamt of. While the rest of the company (such is use!) sat on, in an ecstacy of applause and admiration, and when it was over left, only to look forward with feverish impatience to the performance of the next night. And that way of living, of spending the days and the nights, was a very fair specimen of the pursuits of the ladies and gentlemen of Cass Court.

But how was it that they did not strive to lift themselves out of degradation so great? Need *Glisson* have asked? It was the daily indulgence in stimulating liquors that had perverted their minds and seared their hearts. They learnt to love drink in their childhood; as soon as they could carry a pewter pot to their lips they relished the taste of beer; as soon as they could get gin they indulged in it; and philosophers tell us that use is second nature. The love of liquors, ere they became men, was confirmed and strong; it had grown with their growth; and if they could have overcome the inward craving for it they never could battle with the temptations to indulge in it which beset them all around.

Some few in Cass Court, a very few, had once been in a superior class of life; they had been gentle people. Reader! you do not believe it; but I am telling you nothing but truth. How could they have fallen from their pinnacle to shame and misery such as this? How, indeed! Ask themselves. Its bare recollection, even now, causes them a shudder—a sickening shudder as they glance back at the marked features of their downward progress. It was "the drink," they will tell you. Yes, it is always the drink.

Glisson's relations had neither been gentle people nor first-class trades-people (speaking of their grade), but they had fallen from comfort and respectability, and Glisson felt it her duty to extricate them from the contamination and distress of Cass Court. Of course they were not backward in seconding her wishes. Indulge in drink had been the chief cause of her brother's downfall, but they kept the fact from her. He had wasted both time and money in it, which had led to difficulties, and thence to ruin. He persuaded Glisson that if she would advance the means to set him up anew in his old trade, he should not fail to do well, perhaps realize an independence. Glisson acceded; and it was for that purpose she withdrew her money from the hands of Mr. Danesbury. A shop was taken in Hatton Garden, (for in Glisson's opinion the further they got away from Cass Court the better,) and opened in the coal and green grocery line, and Glisson was to reside with them, the best room on the first floor being assigned to her. Such was the plan entered upon, and we shall see in a little time how it prospered.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAINING.

It was a fair scene. The golden gleam of summer shone upon the land, the luxuriant corn already gave token of a plentiful harvest, the grateful scent of the new-mown hay told that the grass was cut, and the cattle were lazily stretched beside the glittering pools. Especially peaceful seemed the still air, the calm landscape, as these fair country scenes do seem, on the Day of Rest.

Walking home from morning service was a group, amidst other groups. Mr. Danesbury, his daughter and her governess, and his four sons, Arthur, William, Robert and Lionel: for the time has gone by, reader, and Robert Danesbury, the young infant, is now eight years old, and his brother Lionel is seven. Two children only had the second Mrs. Danesbury.

Mrs. Danesbury did not attend church that day; she had one of her nervous headaches, and remained in bed: she often did have them; the servants declared they came on from her indulged fits of "temper;" but whatever may

have been their cause, they did not tend to render the home more pleasant.

Arthur had returned from keeping his first term at Cambridge, though intended to be only what his father was before him, a commercial man, the very highest educational advantages were being afforded him. To say that Arthur was growing up good looking would not be saying enough: a more noble-looking youth, both in face and form, it was impossible to conceive: lofty in mind, lofty in person, lofty in countenance, was Arthur Danesbury.

Mrs. Danesbury had risen when they got home, and they sat down to dinner, which was always taken early on the Sunday. Arthur and Isabel drank water, as was customary, but beer was supplied to the three younger boys —and there, for those young children, lay the error; for the first Mrs. Danesbury's theor was right. When the cloth was removed, a full glass of rich wine was poured out for them; it was the usual Sunday's treat—the accompaniment to the fruit and cakes; they were all three fond of it; they had learned to be; and they, somehow, in their little minds, connected the wine and Sunday together, and believed the wine must be a very good thing, as they always had it on that day.

Mrs. Danesbury, the present, had been positive on this point: it may be said, obstinate. She *would not* bring them up to drink water. She would not let them taste it at their meals; would order a glass of table beer brought in for them. The fact, that it had been the wish and maxim of the first Mrs. Danesbury, no doubt influenced her in thus acting; for a jealous feeling towards that lady's memory—ay, and towards the children—rankled in her heart. Mr. Danesbury did not interfere. Always a temperate man himself, sprung from a temperate family, and partaking, whether of wine or beer, only in strict moderation, he saw no harm in the children's doing so, and never cast a thought as to its bringing harm for the future.

But there is other training required from a mother to a child, besides that desirable one of confining its drink to water. Few are more deeply impressed with the responsibility resting on a mother, or more earnestly anxious for her children's welfare, than had been the first Mrs. Danesbury: few, let us hope, are more careless of it than was the second. I speak of welfare in the highest sense of the term,—that they should be great and good here, and inheritors of eternal life hereafter. Isabel, Mrs. Danesbury, knew that this sort of welfare can best be attained (I had almost said, only be attained) by incessant care, and watchfulness, and training of a child, from its very earliest years. She never omitted to take her child, Arthur, from the time he was two years old, to herself, for ten minutes after breakfast. She would put him on her knee, and read a little, and talk to him about God, and about his own childish duties—what he must do, what he must not do. She would speak in a low, persuasive, loving voice, which, of itself, was sufficient to draw the love of the child. Generally speaking, but not so invariably as *in the morning, for engagements sometimes* prevented her, she would take him so in the evening, and whisper pleasant words of angels loving him and watching over him in his sleep. She rarely failed to hear him his prayers herself, not trusting even to Glisson, for, as a general rule, servants do not care whether they are said reverently or irreverently. In the day time, she had him with her a great deal, and was always striving to form his mind for *good*. One thing which she impressed fully upon him was, that this world was not his home; that, at the best, he would be in it but a short period; and she taught him to live so as not to dread death. Before she was taken from him, Arthur's mind, naturally a tractable one, had been moulded *well*, and he had learned the fact that he had grave responsibilities upon him, momentous duties to fulfil, and that, as his conduct was, so would his prosperity and happiness be. These seeds never could have been eradicated from Arthur Danesbury's heart. Even had he been consigned to the charge of his step mother, his own sense of right, so efficiently imparted to him, and the exceeding reverence, the perfect love, he had borne for his mother would have kept him safe. But the clergyman with whom he was placed proved an admirable seconder of the principles of Mrs. Danesbury. Isabel had been taken by her mother in like manner, and her governess was a Christian gentlewoman, so that she was also fortunate. But the other children; how was it with them?

Eliza, Mrs. Danesbury, had about as much notion of this sort of training as the man in the moon. She was certainly anxious for the welfare of her children, but all in a temporal point of view; she hoped they would be grand and rich men, and rise to eminence in the world. She was very fond of them, and indulged them much, but she took no pains, except wrong ones, to correct their tempers; pampered and indulged, they would be often passionate and naughty, Robert especially; sometimes she did not check them at all, and sometimes, if she was in an ill humor herself, she would punish them with inexcusable harshness, beating them with severity. She never impressed upon them that they had duties to perform to themselves and to others, children though they were; she never spoke of the necessity of self-restraint, or taught them when to exercise it. As to their religious obligations, they were taught their prayers, and would repeat them to the nurse who had succeeded Glisson, hurrying them over at railroad speed, and they were made to learn the catechism, and were taken to church, all in a genteel, orthodox sort of way, very well for show, but very unserviceable for use. If the boys did pick up a glimmer of anything better, they got it from Mr. Danesbury, who would often gather them around him on a Sunday evening, read to them, and talk seriously to them. But the duty of implanting serious lessons lies with a mother, far more than with a father, and Mrs. Danesbury did not attempt them. She was fidgety about their appearance —that their dress should be handsome, always in order; she was anxious that they should be polite in manner, and there it ended. William, of course, is included in these remarks, though he did not come in for much indulgence; but William had one advantage not enjoyed by Robert and Lionel—he was often at Mrs. Philip Danesbury's. And that lady, suspecting, or rather knowing, the state of affairs at home, strove to supply to him the part of a mother. Still it was not like regular watchfulness, uninterrupted progress, for what was done at Mrs. Philip Danesbury's, was undone at home. Mrs. Danesbury very much disliked Mrs. Philip, and would not suffer her own boys to go there, except for a formal visit now and then. You will gather from these remarks, that the young Danesburys were growing up without acquiring any moral safeguard within themselves, to keep them from the evil temptations of the world, with which they must sometime be brought into contact.

One day when Arthur was at home, he took William to his room, talked to him, and told him he wished he would confine his drink to water.

"I don't like water, Arthur. Beer is nicer."

"But you are aware, you have heard, that our own mamma wished us to drink it; and you would so very much oblige me by doing so."

Truth to say, the last argument had most weight with William; for he was very fond of Arthur, and wished to do what he desired. So the next day at dinner, he requested the servant to give him water not beer. He made a face over it, however, and put it down as soon as tasted, upon which Mrs. Danesbury said some mocking words to him, which set him still more against the water; and she actually, positively, told her own two children that they might that day have a double portion of beer if they wished it, to "teach Arthur sense." After dinner, William whispered to Arthur that he was *very sorry*, but he never should be able to drink the "nasty water" with dinner. Of course he could not; the child had never been accustomed to drink it; Mrs. Danesbury had given him the taste for stronger things.

On this Sunday, as they sat at dinner, Arthur was describing to them his university life. He appeared to have formed a close friendship there: it was with a young man of his own age, who had matriculated at the same time as himself, the Honorable Reginald Dacre.

"Those college friendships do not continue in after life, Arthur," observed Mr. Danesbury.

"Mine with Dacre will not, I daresay," replied Arthur, "for our paths will lie far apart. He will be a peer of the realm; I, but Arthur Danesbury of the iron works. But it is very pleasant, while it does last. I like him excessively, and keep him out of mischief: but for me, he would be over head and ears in it."

"You keep him out of mischief!" laughed Mr. Danesbury.

Arthur laughed also.

"It is true though, sir."

On the afternoon of the following day, Monday, Mr. Danesbury was walking along a somewhat unfrequented path at the back of his factory, when a woman all in rags, a beggar, apparently, came in view. He took no notice of her; he was deep in thought; but the beggar halted as he passed.

"Master!"

It was Glisson! Mr. Danesbury was shocked when he recognized her. She leaned against the wall, and broke out into wails and sobs.

"Oh, master! my dear master!"

"Glisson, what has happened? How is it that you are like this?"

"I'm just a beggar on the face of the earth, sir. I have no home and no food, and nobody in the wide world to give me shelter. I was coming to the old familiar home-place, to sit myself down in the fields and to die."

"You appear to be ill—almost helpless?"

"That's what the rheumatic fever has left me. I caught it, and the parish doctor says I shall never have the proper use of my hands and arms again, and my legs totter under me."

"What have you been doing since you left us?"

"Ah! what have I been? When Mrs. Danesbury turned me out—and most cruelly she behaved to me; ay, master, I must say it, though she is your wife, and may the Lord help the poor children when they fall under her temper!—I went to London. Not direct, for I stayed here and there upon my road; I was almost mad, what with one wretched thought or other. All at once I thought I'd go off to London, and find out my brother and his wife. Well, sir, I did; and a fine state I found them in. Oh, sir, those that live in the country have need to be thankful, for they don't know what some parts of London is! It's just a hell upon earth."

"You drew out your money, Glisson?"

"Yes, sir; I lent it to them to set up again—a hundred pounds of it; the odd thirty I kept myself; and he took a green grocer's shop, and I lived with 'em. That's eight years ago. And how long did the fine shop last? Not four years: the profits were swallowed up, and they are all gone to the dogs again."

"But what have you been doing?"

"Nothing. I have just grubbed on with 'em in their vice and wretchedness; selling my clothes, and starving till I can starve no longer, so I resolved to come home here to die. I have been six days walking it, Master John."

Master John! the old familiar title of his boyhood.

"Glisson," he resumed, in a tone of deep commiseration, "have you relinquished that unfortunate habit, which they tell me you took to?"

She shook her head.

"No, sir."

"No!"

"The craving for drink has grown upon me. My odd pounds went in it. It's more to me now than food."

"Oh, Glisson!"

"As long as I was in your house, sir I kept it under: I should have kept it under still, for I knew I must do it. I did drink a drop at times, but not much to harm me. What possessed me to take so much the night Mrs. Danesbury found me, I can't tell. But, up in that dreadful London, in the midst of bad example, with nothing but poverty, and ruin, and rags, and famine around me, and flaring gin-shops at every turn of a step, which make the best drink when they would not—that did for me. It does for thousands. My brother might have been sober enough, but for them enticing places, and his business would have gone on."

"Glisson, what could have been your inducement to fall into such a habit?" inquired Mr. Danesbury. "What was the commencement?"

"Do you remember a cook you once had, sir?—a fat, red-faced woman; Dolly, we used to call her in the kitchen: one of the best cooks that ever came into the house. She left just after William was born."

"Yes, I do remember her," said Mr. Danesbury, who had been casting back his thoughts.

"She taught me. She drank gin; a great deal of it. As soon as ever my mistress had been into the kitchen in a morning to give orders, she'd begin; and she never left off throughout the day. Yet she would send up her dinner properly, and do her work well, and never show it. There was no baby then, for little John had died, and I took to steal down stairs at night, and sit with her in the kitchen, after the servants had gone to bed, and drink some with her. I got a liking for it, Master John, and it stuck to me: and I could not leave it off."

"Glisson," he uttered, after a pause, a sharp pang striking him like a dart, "could it be, that this was the cause of your giving the child the laudanum—and so leading to the death of your mistress?"

"Too true; too true!" she shrieked.—"And I have had my dear mistress's face before me ever since, and I have drank worse, to drown it. Fare ye well, sir; fare ye well forever."

She turned off, sobbing and moaning; and Mr. Danesbury saw her sink down behind a tree at some distance.

What should he do with her? He could not let her starve. Painful as had been the last revelation to him, he yet felt that he must give her succor. He was a considerate, benevolent man, and he would have been so to an enemy. Thomas Harding approached, and Mr. Danesbury informed him of what had occurred.

"It never was that object I saw pass round, as I was waiting at the gate to give the signal for the bell!" he exclaimed. "A bundle of rags, sir; bent, as if with age, with a stick in her hand to lean upon!"

"The same," answered Mr. Danesbury; "that was Glisson. Harding, I must get somebody to take her in. Do you think any will be found to have her?"

"Plenty, sir, if only from the respect they owed your late mother, whose servant she was. Let it once be known that it is your wish, and twenty will come forward."

"I will pay a weekly sum for her support. Do you arrange it for me? Let her be comfortable."

"I'll see about it at once, sir."

"Ay; she must be got in somewhere: look at her there, under that tree."

Before an hour had elapsed, a home was found for Glisson, and she was conveyed to it, sobbing bitterly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A FAMOUS DIVIDING LINE.—The little "Rubicon," immortalized in history by its connection with Cæsar's fortunes, now separates the dominions of the Pope from those of *the King of Sardinia*. Which of these two potentates will first "cross the Rubicon?"

☞ Fashionable folks have ceased to marry. Now, according to Jenkins and his imitators, "they form a matrimonial alliance;" upon which Susan Jane writes to us to inquire, "if such an alliance is to be considered offensive and defensive?" We venture to reply—"offensive, when misfortune or difficulty is to be attacked and overcome; defensive, when sorrow or sickness assails; and expensive, when certain little parties, whether or not, will join in the compact."

☞ Turnips grow so large in Oregon, that they use them as targets for artillery practice, while radishes come forth with such magnificent proportions, that one has been painted and varnished, and is now used as a liberty pole in front of the Atlantic and Pacific Metropolitan Democratic Hotel.

☞ "Landlord, you do me too much honor; you let me sleep among the big bugs last night." "Oh, don't be too modest, my dear lodger, I doubt not they have your own blood in their veins."

☞ Before you ask a favor of any man, just consider three things: First. Can you not avoid it? Second. Can the one you apply to grant it? Third. Would you, if your places were reversed, do for your friend what you ask him to effect for yourself.

☞ When Prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

☞ A love-smitten gentleman, after conversing awhile with a lady on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with the emphatic question, "Will you have me?" "I am very sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain; but I will answer—no." "Well, well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover; "and now suppose we change the subject."

☞ AMUSEMENT.—It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they knew very little of society, who think we can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.

☞ A good old lady was asked what business her husband followed before they were married. "What business?" said she, "why he was a sailor." "A sailor?" responded the inquirer. "Yes, a sailor," said the old lady, "he rowed a boat across the Merrimack river more than a dozen times a year!"

☞ During an examination, a medical student, being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered No."

☞ THE LITTLE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—The *prestige* of military honor exercises its sway even over childhood. They say that the little Prince Imperial of France, having fallen down while running about the garden of the Tuileries, began to cry. "What, *monseigneur*, are you crying?" said his tutor. "Yes; but don't tell my regiment," replied the baby officer.

☞ A youthful member of a rifle corps in a Scottish town, on his arrival at home a few evenings ago, joyfully told his governor that he had just got his arms. "Airms!" quoth the ancient, dryly, "I'm thinkin' gin the French come ye'll hae mair need of your legs!"

AN ACTUAL ADVENTURE IN NEW YORK.—It is a mistaken idea, commonly entertained, that a lady must climb the Alps, run the gauntlet among old Adams' grizzly bears, be taken captive by the Indians, or undergo some such direful extremity, before she can encounter savages or great personal peril. They may be met with, however, at our very doors. To romantic and adventurous young ladies, who love danger for its own sake, and cannot conveniently leave the city in search of it, I recommend a trip in the Ninth Avenue cars, in New York. I am indebted to accident for the discovery of their perilous character, having on Saturday last entered one by mistake during a brief shower, with only change left, after shopping, sufficient to pay my fare. I soon found myself packed away between a couple of stout German women with market baskets, one of whom had a hard and long quarrel with the driver, before she succeeded in getting her change. A lady sitting opposite to me, the only person in the car elegantly dressed, seemed ill at ease, and her comfort was not enhanced by a rough-looking, overgrown young rowdy, carrying a huge, half cleaned shad, who had crowded himself into a seat next to her. I saw that the fellow was spoiling the lady's dress, by allowing the fish's blood to drop upon it, and called her attention to the fact. To the mild remonstrance she addressed to the fish bearer, he replied with an insulting grin, and seeing no alternative, she pulled the strap and got out.

The ruffian who had driven her from the car, now, in revenge, turned his attention to me, and began to fist his bloody fish so as to contrive to bespatter my dress. After requesting him in vain to desist, I called to the driver and told him that a person had got into the car with a bloody fish, with which he was ruining the ladies' clothes, but the surly John hallood back that I had better mind my own business, that the man had paid his fare, and had as good a right in the car as I had, but that I might get out if I found it disagreeable. Thus encouraged, he of the shad grinned afresh and began to deride me in the coarsest strain. There was no American gentleman present, or I should have been protected. Two broad, red faced Germans, sitting at the end of the car, grinned broader than my persecutor, and seemed to think it a joke vastly diverting. The fellow in the meantime had managed to spot my dress, and when he got out at Thirty-ninth street, actually shook his clenched hand at me, before them all, exclaiming:

"Wait till I ketch you alone—won't I give it to you!"

Think of this being said to little Getty, about as tall and strong as a peacock's plume, and literally a feather weight! I tried to stop the car at Forty-second street, but had to force my way out of it while it was going at full speed, and before I could recover my equilibrium, and turn about to ascertain its number, the driver had whipped his horse into a half gallop, and was a block in advance of me. Not wishing to be caught alone by my pugilistic threatener, I hurried home; but if I mistake a Ninth avenue car for a Sixth again, may be punish me worse than the champion of England was punished lately by his resistless adversary.

HOW PRINCE ALFRED FARES IN THE NAVY.—Prince Alfred is being brought up in the service precisely the same as if he were the son of a private gentleman. He messes with the midshipmen, keeps his regular watch, dines occasionally in the ward-room, and takes his turn to dine with the captain. He is treated by his messmates as, in all respects, one of themselves—is called to order by the caterer, and runs the same risk of being made the subject of a practical joke as any other young gentleman himself, however, being generally pretty forward in the business of playing mischief. Upon one question, that of smoking, the young prince is sternly denied the privilege indulged in by other officers. That growing weakness of the age, most mischievous in its consequences, particularly when carried to excess, is prohibited as far as Prince Alfred is concerned, and upon one occasion his royal highness had his leave stopped for a fortnight for being detected in the act of "blowing a cloud."

PRESERVE.—It is not generally known, that at Coppet, on the lake of Geneva, the residence of the late Madame de Stael, and her father and mother, the celebrated Monsieur and Madame Necker, the latter are not there buried, but preserved in a huge vat of spirits of wine. The curious, and they are not few, rush there to see this most painful as well as most disagreeable of sights. It was so much the desire of Monsieur Necker that he and his wife should be pickled in this strange manner, that, fearing his own family might not carry out his wishes, he left a certain sum to be paid yearly to the town for the support of a certain quantity of spirits of wine for that purpose. The vat is placed in the grounds close to the house, and partially hid by trees, which his grandson, Monsieur le Baron de Stael, had planted round it.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—I think the following facts will be interesting to your readers at the present time, when the rifle is the topic of the day. The carbine with which Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh shot the Regent Murray, in 1570, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It has a brass barrel, the same length as the Enfield rifle, and the bore is of the same diameter, and what is most singular, it is rifled nearly in the same manner as the Enfield. The power of this rifle appears to have been great, for "the ball after passing through the body of the Regent, killed the horse of a gentleman who was riding on the other side."

☞ Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Martin county, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "boosier" was too smart to be caught that way, and replied—"Oh, no, Mr. Telegrapher, you can't fool me that way. I'm not as green as you think I am! *That darn tickin' thing of yourn ha'nt been out of this room; I watched it all the time!*"

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The most extraordinary trial is about to come before the Tribunal. One of the highest families of France is attacked, in its purity of lineage, by a series of circumstances of the most whimsical kind. Some thirty years ago a lady and gentleman confided their baby-heir to the careful tending of a nurse—as is the case as much as ever in France. This nurse, being the wife of the gardener of their chateau, was in the enjoyment of the greatest confidence and esteem, and had fully justified it by many years' service as a lady's-maid in the family. The child remained with her while the gay mother went to the Eaux and other places, and was, therefore, but seldom seen by the parents, save during the few short weeks in which they made the chateau their abode.

On one of these unexpected visits, the nurse, who had bedizened the little heir for the meeting with its tender mother, had seated herself at the door of the cottage, placing the infant on the stone bench beside her. In the agitation of beholding the gay carriage and outriders at a distance approaching the cottage, the woman jumped up so suddenly that it seems she sent the poor infant rolling off the bench with such violence that, in the fall, it broke its arm in two places! The terror of the poor creature can easily be imagined, but the husband came to her rescue with the proposition of showing their own child to the lady mother; and, by the time the nurse would be sent for to the chateau, all would go right, the accident be owned, and no notice would be taken.

The woman consented—she huddled on the embroidered cap, she fumbled over the embroidered cloak—and, by the time the carriage had drawn up to the door, she presented herself, although still pale and trembling, with the baby in her arms. Instead of the customary smiling indifference, however, with which she and her charge had been usually greeted, a cry of angry horror burst from the mother—"*Grands Dieux!* what a filthy little object! How lean—how dirty—how ill cared for!"—and, in a pet, she seized the infant in her arms, and, before the poor stupified nurse could expostulate, the carriage had driven off, and the woman was standing, open mouthed and alone, on the threshold. The husband endeavored to console her with the hope that, on the morrow, all would be right. The screaming heir was quickly attended to by the village doctor, and, by dawn the next day, the good man had walked to the chateau to explain the disaster; but what was his consternation on learning that the lady had only visited the chateau for the night *en passant*, and that she had already started by the railway for Germany, carrying with her the child, and full of anger and disappointment against the nurse for having allowed her dear baby to get so dirty, lean and brown!

Here was a dilemma! But the husband, who seems to have been the great comforter, came again to her rescue, and advised her to remain perfectly quiet until the family's return. But the family did not return for years; and the children grew up each out of his degree; and not till the death of the nurse, about three months ago, did the truth come out. Before the priest and notary, on her dying bed, did she swear to the tale; and thereby does the titled heir of a great family become plain "Jean," and plain Jean from the ranks of the army in Africa become the heir of a proud line. The gentleman thus attached is well known in England, having been secretary of the French embassy in London for some years, and has only been lately removed to a higher position. Berryer is appointed to the pleading of his cause, and Marie has undertaken that of the unrecognized nobleman.—*Paris Correspondent of Philada. Inquirer.*

THE GROWING CROPS.

Generally, the intelligence in regard to the crops is very encouraging. The long drought which threatened a famine in the Northwest, has been broken by copious rains. "The fields are green, the fruit trees are in bloom, already verdure has commenced luxuriant growth, and all nature looks refreshed and invigorated." The Milwaukee News says: "If the present weather continues but a short time longer, no fears need be entertained that the harvest which is to follow will far exceed in bounty and fruitfulness its predecessors for many years. With a genial atmosphere, an abundance of moisture, and careful attention, the coming autumn will witness a gathering of cereals which will gladden the heart and insure prosperity for the future."

The St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer is informed by a gentleman, who has travelled over large portions of Minnesota, that all sorts of crops are in a better condition than ever before known at this season of the year, and more than double the amount of ground is under cultivation than last year. In Kansas the prospect is not so favorable; the drought continues, and its bad effects are very severely felt. The farmers are apprehensive that they will not be able to get in their corn in time to ripen before the frosts. The fall wheat is entirely killed out for want of rain. The oat crop will be nothing, unless rain comes. The prospect is good in Iowa. The rye harvest will be very large. An unusual area of corn has been planted in this State, which is coming on finely.

Michigan and Iowa papers speak of the wheat crop as looking remarkably well. A late number of the Detroit Advertiser notices some fine specimens of wheat and rye. The rye was fully four feet in height, and was headed out; the wheat was at least three feet, and would probably have exhibited heads in a week's time. Short crops are predicted in Kentucky. The Louisville Journal says: "We hear many complaints about the wheat in this State. A good many of the fields in which the wheat has been frozen out have been planted in something else. The remaining fields present a spotted appearance, the plants being of unseven height. The cause of this is stated to be the work of a *fly*, which deposits its egg near the root, the worm eats into the stalk, producing a weak and sickly growth. While in the West and Southwest the fly is doing great damage to the Wheat, our personal observation during a recent trip through Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Ohio convinced us that the crops in those States will be unusually large. We have never seen the grain more advanced at this season, or looking better."

Grain and fruit promise well in Pennsylvania. The Pittsburg Journal thinks the fruit crop in the western section of the State will be unprecedented. Pears, plums, cherries, apples, all promise an abundant crop. The strawberry never looked finer, and such is the case with the other small fruits. The wheat crop never looked better throughout the State, and is advancing finely, and from present indications will mature early. The insects are making serious ravages in Virginia. The Fredericksburg (Va.) Herald says that the growing wheat crop from Fredericksburg to the mouth of the Rappahannock river—embracing the large and fertile valley of the Rappahannock, nearly one hundred miles in length is less promising than for many years past. In Richmond, Westmoreland, Middlesex, Spottsylvania, King George, Orange, and Stafford, the worm is making great inroads. The worm has made its appearance in several parts of the county of Amherst, and is playing sad havoc with the growing wheat.

☞ In Europe, people take off their hats to great men. In America, great men lift their hats to the people—before an election!

☞ A client once burst into tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming—"I didn't think I had suffered half so much."

ROMANTIC AFFAIR.

A young lady, beautiful in person and attractive in manner, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Boston, was sought in marriage some years ago by two men. One of these was poor, and a mechanic. The other was rich, and not a mechanic. The woman loved the former; the family of the woman liked the latter. As is the case in such affairs, the woman married to please her friends. Having thus "sold herself," she ought to have been miserable, but she was not. Her husband's unaffected love subdued her heart, and his gold smoothed the rough places in the human path. Fortune, feeling that this couple were too happy, frowned, and the man's riches took wings and used them in flight. Thereupon the husband wound up his business, put his wife and children, of whom there were two, at a comfortable boarding house, and then departed for California in search of money. Some letters and some remittances arrived from him at first, then nothing came, and there was a blank of several years. The wife thought herself deserted. The family, whose good opinion of the husband had not lately been so often published as formerly, told her that it was clearly a case for a divorce. When she had been well accustomed to the sound of this unpleasant word, the disconsolate wife was thrown into the society of the mechanic lover, now prosperous, and still unmarried. The memory of her early, real love came upon her, and she believed with a secret joy that he had remained single for her sake. This thought nourished her affection, and at last she obtained a divorce from her husband, who had deserted her, and remained absent beyond the time allowed by the statute. This accomplished, there was no barrier between her and the mechanic lover. She informed him that she was his forever, when he should choose to claim her hand. Her feelings cannot have been pleasant to learn that, since his rejection by her and her marriage to another, the unromantic hewer of wood had drowned his passion for her in the waves of time, and that at the time of her handsome offer he no longer palpitated for her. In fact, Barkis was not willin'. As if all this were not embarrassing enough, who should turn up but the husband, who made his appearance in the form of a letter, announcing that he had accumulated a dazzling pile of wealth, that he was on his way home, and that she was to meet him in New York. The letter also chid her for neglect in not writing to him for years, and it was clear that he had sent assurances of love and also material aid at intervals during his absence; where these had gone, no one knows. Here, then, was trouble. No husband, no lover. The one she had divorced; the other had refused her. Taking counsel with herself, she packed her trunk, seeing that her wardrobe was unexceptionable, and came to the metropolis. She met the coming man on his arrival, and told him the whole story as correctly as she, naturally prejudiced in favor of the defendant, could tell it. The husband scowled, growled, looked at the charming face and the becoming toilette, remembered California and its loneliness, and took her to his heart. A clergyman was summoned, a marriage was performed, and a new volume in their life's history was opened.

A "PINCHER" TIME GETTING INTO A SHOW.—One of the Wisconsin lobby at the Chicago Convention, anxious to see the show from the gallery of the Wigwam, tried to pass by the doorkeeper, when he was told that no gentlemen could enter unless accompanied by a lady. Not to be bluffed, he waited the entrance of an apple woman and undertook to pass himself in under her protection. The doorkeeper told him that dodge had been "played out" at an early stage of the game. Back went our persevering friend and waited until the impracticable doorkeeper had had time to forget him, and then, closely following a remarkably well-dressed female, he lightly grasped her shawl, and for the third time presented himself for admission. "Hold on, sir! you can't go in," said the doorkeeper. "Well, then, let my wife come out; I am not going to trust her in there among all those ruffians, alone!" indignantly exclaimed our friend. "Is that your wife?" asked the guardian of the Wigwam. "Well, it is," said the "gentleman from Wisconsin." The doorkeeper turned the well-dressed female around, and exhibited to the horrified gaze of our friend, the repulsive lineaments of a negro. "Suthin' drapped," and when our friend revived, he took the first train for Madison.—*Madison Argus and Democrat.*

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING IN WASHINGTON.—Madame de Bodisco, widow of Count de Bodisco, formerly Minister from Russia to this government, was married, at noon, on Tuesday, to Captain Scott, of the British army. The ceremony was performed at St. John's Church, in Washington, by Rev. Dr. Norwood, of Christ Church, in this city, and was witnessed by a large number of the friends of the parties. The bride was given away by the President of the United States. She was elegantly dressed in satin, with three heavy flounces of the finest lace, which we heard a lady friend say cost three thousand dollars. Twenty years ago, when, as Miss Williams, of Georgetown, she married Mr. Bodisco, then Minister of Russia to this country, Henry Clay gave her away. By this marriage, it is said, she will forfeit a considerable part of her property. The bridegroom was in uniform appropriate to his rank in the army, and looks every inch a man. He and his bride are both fine specimens of physical beauty. They left for New York in the early train on Tuesday afternoon, en route for Europe. Among the dignitaries present we noticed several members of the Diplomatic corps, army and navy officers, Senator Crittenden, and other members of Congress, W. W. Corcoran, District-Attorney Ould, and a host of others.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—Garribaldi has routed the Neapolitan troops in two battles—but the success of the Insurgent Sicilians is still uncertain.

An expedition into the Roman States by some Liberal Tuscans, had been repulsed.

China refuses the ultimatum of France and England.

It is vaguely reported that France and Russia have signed a treaty on the Eastern question.

The Russian troops in the Southern provinces are reported to be placed on a war footing.

It is said that England, Austria and Prussia have agreed to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

The concentration of the Russian troops on the Pruth is denied.

Thirty horses ran at the great Derby race, Umpire (American) coming in the eleventh.

The Northern ports of China have been blockaded.

LIVERPOOL, May 23.—Cotton is dull—prices unchanged. Breadstuffs quiet but steady. Provisions dull.

☞ When we read the almost interminable sentences of some writers, we cannot help thinking that their readers are in danger of being *sentenced to death*.

☞ It is stated that in Japan there are no rowdies, "Dead Rabbits," "Plug Uglies," and very few loafers; and that in that country, when people grow old, venerable, wise and esteemed by all good and sensible men, they are not called "fogies" or fossils.

☞ The most attentive man to business we ever knew was he who wrote on his shop door: "Gone to bury my wife; return in half an hour."

NEWS ITEMS.

DEGRADATION OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Some French journals have stated that the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III., who is a corporal among the enfans de troup in the 1st regiment of the Grenadiers of the Guard, having shown great impertinence to his mother, the Empress, has been degraded from his rank of corporal, in presence of a body of soldiers. Be it remembered that the boy is four years old.

ONE-AWATOMIE BROWN IS A NEW CHARACTER.—A horse owner, of the Abolitionist persuasion, has christened a stallion "Ossawatomie Brown," and advertised him to the farmers of the Western Reserve under his name.

On a Saturday evening, not long since, considerable excitement was caused at Lyons, (France) by a person stationing himself on the Quai Saint Clair, and presenting every man that passed wearing a blouse a half-franc piece which he pulled from a bag. Some people, thinking he was mad, talked of arresting him; but he cried out, "Do not interrupt me. I am not mad. I have unexpectedly come into a legacy of 30,000 francs from an uncle, and I have resolved, in order to show my gratitude and joy, to distribute 400 francs to working men." So saying, he continued his distribution until the bag was empty; after which he quietly went away.

SAYERS and Heenan have had a meeting at the office of Bell's Life, and it was finally agreed that each is to have a new belt by subscription. The old belt is to be fought for by any aspirant. Sayers has agreed to retire from the ring.

THE SENTENCE OF PULLENGER.—The defaulting Cashier of the Union Bank of London, has been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. Defaulters do not get off so easily in England as they do in this country. Their political services are not so highly valued on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE Chicago Journal says:—"We have Mr. Lincoln's authority for saying that his name is *Abraham*."

LOUIS H. HALL, a gentleman recently from Keene, N. H., employed as a copyist in the office of the American and Atlantic Pacific Ship Canal Company, committed suicide recently, by taking a dose of laudanum. On the desk occupied by deceased was found a bit of paper, folded up, and containing a few spears of grass. On the paper was written the following, in a neat feminine hand:

"From her dear grave. FOR LOUIS."

This grass is supposed to have been picked from the grave of a dear departed female friend, and forwarded to him from the country. Anguish of mind, consequent upon the reception of the package, probably, prompted him to terminate his earthly existence.

DANGER OF DEPILATORIES.—Mdlle. Desclee, an actress of the Gymnase, appeared a few days ago before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, Paris, to complain that Mdme. Chantal (whose real name is Biche,) an advertising perfumer, had done her great injury by selling her, for twenty-five francs, to remove some hair she had on the arm, a liquid called "Eau Indienne Chantal," and represented to have been made by "the celebrated Mdme. Ma," but which had not only not removed the hair, but had caused a painful wound and disagreeable eruption. The Tribunal condemned Mdme. Biche to six days' imprisonment, and 100 francs fine.

GOING TO BE MARRIED.—A young lady of this city, for many years an assistant teacher in one of our grammar schools, left yesterday, in company with a sister, on a journey of over a thousand miles to meet and marry a man she had never seen. The engagement was brought about by means of a piece of poetry, written by her while residing in a neighboring city, and published in the local paper of the place. The article, signed by a fictitious name, was seen by the gentleman, and so much admired, that he wrote to the address, and the correspondence thus begun was kept up for nearly *two years, and has resulted as above.—Lowell (Mass.) News.*

A PAIR of twins, but a few days old, were left on a door step in Boston, a few days since, and attached to them was the following note:—

"Take good care of these children—they are legitimate, and will be reclaimed, if the father *marries* me."

SUICIDE OF A BOY.—Peter Hannock, aged 12 years, hung himself last Tuesday, in the stable of Mr. Cassons, in Kent county, Del., because Mr. Cassons refused to permit him to accompany him to Dover that day.

WRECKED IN THE LOTTERY OFFICE.—The St. Louis Herald, in speaking of the recently discovered embezzlement of a clerk in that city, says the defalcation for which Smith, the clerk, was arrested will hardly fall short of $100,000, and Smith "has nothing to show for it." The rock upon which he split was the one upon which many another has been wrecked—the lottery office. The extent of his operations in this line may be imagined, when it is stated that he is indebted to one lottery firm in that city to the amount of $10,000.

DIED WHILE DANCING.—A young man named Frank Stanhope attended a dance, in Conway, Mass., a few evenings since, and while dancing and playing a flute at the same time fell dead upon the floor. The selectmen suspected foul work and had his body disinterred, when it was found an artery had been broken near the top of the head, which probably caused his death.—*Springfield Republican, May 29.*

A TEXAS paper says that the Rev. R. P. Thompson, a native (Indian, we suppose,) missionary in that State is "breaking himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the Scriptures quite fluently."

A YOUNG man named Cope, of Wellsville, Ohio, on Saturday last, undertook to ford a swollen creek in the vicinity, with his $1,000 stallion and a sulky. The horse was reined up so that he could not swim, and was drowned. The young man could not swim, and was taken out almost lifeless. With great difficulty he was restored.

IT is stated that the Hon. John F. Potter has commenced an action for libel against the proprietors of the Washington States and of the Madison Patriot. The ground of the action is the publication of a story that Mr. Potter declared himself the owner of a colored man.

JOSEPH B. SIMPSON, "the Village Blacksmith" of Peesis, Jefferson county, N. Y., excited to a pitch of emulation by the feat of a Troy blacksmith in making two hundred and forty horse shoes in ten hours, turned out, on the 12th ult., in the short space of eight hours, two hundred and forty-three machine sized horse shoes.

SPEAKING of the fearful tornado which swept through the valley of the Ohio last Monday week, the Cincinnati Enquirer says:—"The velocity with which this tornado travelled, may be estimated from the fact that it was only about two hours in going from Louisville to Portsmouth, a distance by an air line of 160 miles. When it is *borne* in mind that this tornado pursued the sinuosities of the river, it will be seen that its speed must have been immensely beyond that of the fastest locomotive ever run. This tornado, is common with all which have been observed, possessed a rotary motion upon its own axis."

THE vote was taken in the Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Buffalo, on the 29th, on the new rule making the "buying, selling, or holding of men, women or children with an intention to enslave them," an offence. A two-thirds vote being required, the rule failed of adoption. The vote resulted in 138 (not two-thirds) for the resolution, to 74 against it. Absentees 8. The vote remains open yet for the absentees, but the result will no be materially affected from the above figures. This is considered a last vote, and the majority report will probably fail of adoption by four or five votes, and the third resolution was taken up and discussed till the adjournment.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—Some years ago a servant girl who had robbed her mistress, a milliner in London, was sent to Sydney for a term of years. Since the discovery of the Bathurst plains, she has written to her former mistress that the colony was a good place; that as she now kept her carriage she recommended her to come out and set up shop, and she would be happy to extend her patronage to a lady she so much esteemed.

THE EFFECTS OF DRINK.—John D. Defrees, writing to The Indianapolis Journal, says:—

"Twenty years ago I was a looker on at the doings of Congress. The two men who attracted the most attention were Wm. Cost Johnson of Maryland, and Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky. They were the most brilliant orators—the 'observed of all observers.' Mr. Johnson died in Maryland a few days ago, a pauper and an outcast, unnoticed and unlamented. The papers, a few days ago, informed us that Marshall is an inmate of a hospital at Buffalo, diseased and miserable, and about to die. Intemperance, of course, is the cause of all this."

DURING the first week in which the officials from Washington took possession of the New York post-office, the receipts rose to $16,000, or about $4 000 more than the ordinary average. This startling fact furnishes some idea of the extraordinary frauds which must have been practised in that office, and which could not have been confined to Fowler alone.

MR. EVERETT has accepted the Constitutional Union nomination for the Vice Presidency.

PETER V. DANIEL, Judge of the United States Supreme Court, died in Richmond, (Va.) on the 31st.

A NEGRO'S NOTION ABOUT THE COLOR OF THE JAPANESE.—A few days ago a negro, after gazing intently at the Japanese, now in Washington, exclaimed: "If de white folks is as dark as dat out dare, I wonder what's de color of de niggers?"

A YOUNG MOTHER.—A Mrs. Case died, recently, at Wautoma, Wis., aged sixteen years, six months and ten days. She had been married three years, and left three children to mourn her loss.

THE Japanese will leave Washington for Baltimore on the 5th of June, and the latter city on the 6th, arriving at Philadelphia on the 7th. They will leave Philadelphia on the 11th, arriving at Niagara Falls on the 12th, and Albany on the 14th. On the 15th they will arrive at Boston, at which city they will remain till the 19th. They will remain at New York from the 20th to the 30th. At Buffalo they will make a trip on Lake Erie.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The New York Courier and Enquirer says that this great ship is to leave England for New York on the 9th of June, and will remain for some time in that port, to afford opportunities to visitors. She will be consigned to Grinnell, Minturn & Co. The people of Portland, Me., are very indignant at the change in her destination, as they had made some costly preparations for her proper accommodation in that port.

THE CATTLE DISEASE IN NEW JERSEY.—Newark, N. J., May 31.—The cattle disease has made its appearance here, four out of seven having died from its effects. The disease was imported from New York.

CATTLE DISEASE IN ENGLAND.—It is only a few years since the pulmonary murrain has made its appearance in England. It was imported in Dutch stock, in 1847, and has prevailed to a fearful extent there. In the valley of the Thames, 95 per cent. of all the cattle exposed have died, but in the country, only 35 per cent. The disease appears a little different, in some respects, from what we see it in New England. Hospitals have been established, and it is undergoing thorough investigation; while the most energetic means in the power of the government are being put forth to arrest its progress.

A GERMAN in New Orleans committed suicide because he could not attend the Volksfest which he had been looking forward to with great anticipations for a long time. He saw his companions decking themselves in their best attire to attend, and could not endure the idea of missing the festival.

IT will doubtless gratify many of the friends and admirers of N. P. Willis, Esq., the author, to learn that he has made a public profession of religion, having recently been confirmed by the Provisional Bishop of this diocese.

A MASSACHUSETTS Yankee, named Ward, recently ran away from his wife, with a French girl. Since his departure, the wife has received an epistle sent to him by the French girl before their departure. It reads thus:—"I received your longed-for letter, and would rather have it than a five dollar bill. how i have longed for the time to come when i can sit in your lap and hug and kiss you as much as i please, and bury my face in your whiskers."

ANOTHER VICTIM.—The Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette, states that Charles Bigby, late Postmaster, at New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa., has become crazy, from the effects of Spiritualism. He embraced the delusion some years ago, and became gradually more infatuated, until a few days back when his mind gave way, and his friends have been compelled to send him to the asylum.

DEATH OF THE BEARDED LADY.—Miss Julia Pastrana, who was exhibited, some time since in many cities of the United States, died recently, in Moscow, after giving birth to a child.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.—A German Princess has lately been acting in a very romantic way—like any ordinary woman. The story runs thus:

"The illustrious lady in question is the Princess Elizabeth Adelheid Caroline Clothilda Ferdinanda of Hohenlohe, born January 6, 1831, sister of the Prince Clodwig of Hohenlone Schillingsfurst, and step-niece of the Duchess of Kent. The Princess, who is of remarkable beauty, was left an orphan at an early age, and received her education at the Palace of Schillingsfurst, the residence of her brother. Among the professors attending her there was a Herr Lancher, who had the honor of teaching her serene highness the knowledge of the pencil and the brush, and the skill of mixing water-colors. The upshot of this series of studies was that Princess Elizabeth declared to her friends that she was in love with Herr Lancher, and was determined to marry him or nobody else. Thereupon was raised a great outcry by all the members of the House of Hohenlohe, ending with an escape of the enamoured fair one to the palace of Duke Ernest II., reigning Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, cousin of the Princess. Ernest II. warmly espoused the cause of the fair fugitive, and, thanks to his skillful diplomacy, the phalanx of the Hohenlohes at last gave way, and a few weeks after the Princess exchanged her name for that of Madame of Lancher. The happy couple are now living in a small town on the banks of the Rhe, where a fine property has been purchased for them by Prince Clodwig."

SPIRITED ENOUGH.—On Friday last quite a spirited scene was enacted at the depot in Madison, Wis., which afforded infinite sport to the lookers-on. A young woman, named Hannah Fisher, was passing the depot, when an insulting remark was made by a man named Williams. She stepped back, and asked who made it. Williams being pointed out to her, she pelted him for a few moments with stones, &c., and then smashed a pitcher over his head. She then went to a lawyer for advice. He advised her to horsewhip the scamp. The plan suited her, so she provided herself with a long and stout raw-hide, and returning to the depot, proceeded to give Williams a terrible scouring around the head and body. He took it as meekly as a martyr, and when she ordered him to get down on his knees and beg her pardon, he obeyed in fear and trembling. She then let him off, on his promise to behave himself in future. A large crowd witnessed the flagellation, and cheered the woman on.

DEATH OF LADY BYRON.

We learn by the Glasgow, that on the 17th instant, Lady Byron, the widow of the great poet, died at London, in the sixty-sixth year of her age. She was born in 1794, and was the only daughter and heir of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Baronet. In 1856 she succeeded to the barony of Wentworth. She was married to Lord Byron 1815—the union proving, as is well known, most unhappy to both husband and wife, and he lived with his wife only some thirteen days. Their only child—

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"

was married to Earl Lovelace, and died eight years ago.

The marriage of Byron with Miss Millbanke was one prompted by motives of interest.

Lord Byron, in one of his letters, gives the following description of Lady Byron during the time of their engagement:—"What an odd situation and friendship is ours! Without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which, in general, lead to calmness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right—an only child and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, and with very little pretension."

Even at his wedding, the thoughts of his first love—of Mary Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, whom he so poetically termed his "Bright morning star of Annesley," was present to his imagination. Annesley Hall and all its fond associations floated like a vision before his thoughts, even when at the altar, and on the point of pronouncing his nuptial vows. A marriage contracted under such circumstances, could not but be unhappy. The poet has alluded to it in some of his most impassioned strains of regret. Washington Irving says that in one of his manuscripts, written long after his marriage, having accidentally mentioned Miss Chaworth as "my M. A. C.," "Alas," exclaims he, with a sudden burst of feeling, "why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years, and—and—and what has been the result?"

It is unfortunate for the late Lady Byron that only by her union with Byron, and its unhappy results, is she known to the world at large. Her private life has been ruthlessly invaded, and all her domestic troubles exposed to the gaze of the world. It should be remembered that Byron treated her in a manner calculated to alienate the affections of any woman, and that it was the public odium following his treatment of her which induced him to leave England and live in Italy.

NOVEL MARRIAGE.—A couple were married by Justice Purdy, yesterday, says the Detroit Free Press of the 26th ult., one of whom was a female aged fifty-eight, and the other a verdant looking young man, who had apparently reached the mature age of about eighteen. He maintained, and stuck to it, that he was thirty seven years old; and, in order to make up the deficiency, she brought her years down to forty-five. The dodge did not work, and upon being informed that they must make oaths to the facts, they declined, and requested to be united without any questioning. The young fellow said he had no particular objection to telling his age, but the lady was cautious, and refused to divulge until she was informed that she must give up all hope of possessing the youngster as a penalty. She said he didn't amount to much as a man; but then he would be handy to have around; and she thought she might as well take him, as she had more money than she knew what to do with, and wanted somebody to spend it. The bridegroom looked as if he might fulfill the duty, with a little assistance tendered.

UNFORTUNATE LEAVE-TAKERS.—A few days ago over 400 emigrants took their departure from this country for America, by the mail steamers which left Queenstown for New York and Portland. While the steamers were in the harbor a considerable number of country people, friends of the emigrants, accompanied them on board to bid them farewell, intending to return either by boat or by one of the steam tenders, which they supposed would remain alongside. To their dismay, however, the mails being placed on board, the steamers got under way, being bound under heavy penalties to be on the route by a given time, and before any means could be procured to send the parties ashore, the steamers were *en route* to America, having 26 of them on board. Several of these unlucky individuals, who have now a journey of some 5,000 miles before them to America and back, had actually left their carts and some of the members of their families behind them in Queenstown, and the inconvenience and alarm occasioned by the unwelcome trip to which they have been treated may easily be imagined.—*London Paper.*

☞ Zelim was the first of the Ottomans who shaved his beard. One of his Bashaws asked him why he altered the customs of his predecessors? He answered, "Because you Bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18 8		
" " '62	101	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	100	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100½	101
" " new	103½	104
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	43	50
All'ny City 6 pr ct	80	93
" County	43	50
Penn 5 pr ct	102	—
" 6 "	104½	95
Tenn 6 "	93½	95
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	80½	—
Ohio " '58	104	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	96½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's, 5	110	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	45	140
Pa Bank	117	117½
Pa & Mec	57	—
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	—	41
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	34	35½
Kensington	60	—
Girard	44½	46½
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	20
Tradesman's	40½	—
City	63	—
Consolidation	22½	—
Commonwealth	31	32½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	80
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange	55	—
Kentucky, Ky	135	200
Northern "	128	—
Louisville "	135	—
Farmers "	113	—
Canon, Nash, Tenn	90	—
Planters "	—	100
U Gas Light	131	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	75
Washington Gas Light Co	34	35
Lehigh Zinc	11	13
New Creek	—	4
New Granada	—	1
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	30	—
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	85½	90
	82	90

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	101	104½
2nd "	89½	90½
stock	58½	59
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	134½	135
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	87	88½
mort 6's '44	103½	103½
" '58	72½	73
stock	30½	30½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94½	95
stock	50	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	43	44
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '73	85	—
Penn R R '73	—	85
Wil'mn & Elmira Y'ds 1st mort "	62½	70
stock	15	—
Catawissa "	1	1
Beaver Meadow stock	53½	64½
preferred 10 pr ct	—	—
North Penn's R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div 6 per ct	14	16
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	61½	—
Mar & Lan R R stock	27½	30
bonds '82	90	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	13	15
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
bonds	78	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Delaware River R R	—	—
N Y Central	86½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	87	—
Mich sou Southern	71	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	75	75½
1st pref stock	30	35
2nd "	—	8
preferred	20	30
Lehigh Nav stock	54½	55
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	94½	95
Morris Consol'd	51½	54½
pref erred	13½	14
Ches & Del bonds	68	—
Union "	72	—
bonds	1	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1872	25	—
	24	4

CARD PLAYING.—"To dribble away life," says Sir Walter Scott, "in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table, for the paltry concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your uttermost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch."

☞ THE BIBLE.—The Bible has been translated into 260 languages and dialects, and is ready for 600,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth; but only 160,000,000 have, as yet, received it.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour has been more active during the past week, but at prices ruling in favor of the buyers, and some 18,000 bbls have been taken for export at $5,37½@5,45 for superfine, the latter for better brands, mostly at $5,50, including extras at $5,60@5,75, and extra family at $5,87½@6 ℔ bbl, as in quality, the bulk of the sales were of Western extra and extra family at our highest figures, including some City Mills extra on terms kept private; the market at the close is quiet but steady at these rates, and some holders not so anxious to sell; the demand, however, is moderate, and mostly to supply the home trade, at $5,30@5,62½ for superfine, $5,62½@5,75 for extra, $5,87½@6,12½ for family, and $6,25@7,25 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull, and only some 400 bbls found buyers at $4@4,12½ ℔ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and 1200 bbls sold at $3,37½@3,40 for Pennsylvania, closing dull at the former rate, including 500 bbls. and 50 puncheons Brandywine on terms not public.

GRAIN—The market for Wheat has been unsettled and drooping, and prices under a limited demand for milling, have fallen off 5@10c ℔ bus, sales include about 30,000 bus, part for shipment, at from 123 to 142c for common to good and choice Pennsylvania and Southern reds, and 135@155c for white, the bulk of the sales were of Pennsylvania, and we quote at 135c for prime red, and 145c for white. Rye is also lower, with small receipts and sales at 86@83½c for Pennsylvania. Corn has been in fair demand, but at a further decline, and about 48,000 bus, mostly Southern yellow, sold at 66@72c for prime, chiefly at 68c afloat, at which rate the market closed firm, including inferior at 63@65c, as in quality, and white at 67@68c. Oats are also dull and lower, with sales of 16,000 bus to note at 40@41c for Southern, and 42@43c for Pennsylvania, closing at the former figures.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light for the season, and holders very firm in their views. Sales of 500 bbls Mess Pork were made at $18,50@18,75 ℔ bbl, cash and time. Prime is worth $15, and City Mess Beef $14@15 ℔ bbl, the demand for the latter being only for ship stores. Of Bacon further sales are reported at 8½c for Shoulders, 10½@10¾c for Sides, and 11@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, usual terms, the latter in a small way. Green Meats are scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers, with sales of Hams, in salt and pickle, at 9½@10½c, Sides 9½@10c, and Shoulders at 7½@8c ℔ lb, usual credit. Of Lard we note sales of 600 tierces and bbls at 11½@12c, cash and time, which is an advance, and kegs 12½c cash. Butter continues dull. Roll selling as wanted at 12@14c, as in quality; packed is coming in more freely, and selling at 9@11c, as in quality. Cheese sells slowly at 11@11½c. Eggs are better, and selling at 12@12½c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of about 900 bales, at prices ranging from 8½c to 12½c@13½c, the latter for middling Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time; the bulk of the sales were of the former description, and the market closed dull.

BARK—Quercitron has advanced, and about 150 hhds have been disposed of, mostly at $30 for first No. 1, at which rate it is now held. Tanners' Bark is beginning to arrive, and further sales of Spanish Oak are reported at $15 ℔ cord.

BREADSTUFFS—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote good Yellow at 34c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is a better feeling in the market, and prices are firmer, with rather more doing in the way of sales, the demand from the East being more active.

COFFEE—The receipts are very light and the market quiet, the sales being mostly confined to Laguayra, of which the bulk of the stock now consists, and some 600 bags of this description have been disposed of at 13½@14c, mostly at the former rate, on time. A few small sales of Rio have been made from second hands at 13½@14½c, on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull. Of Yellow Metal sales are reported at 20c ℔ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—Very little doing, and good Western sell as wanted at about 50c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—No sales of Fruit have come under our notice, the season for Apples and Peaches being about over.

HEMP—The only sale we hear of is about 90 bales rough Western, at a price kept private.

HIDES are firmly held, and we are only advised of a small sale of Caracas Hides, from a recent arrival, on terms kept private.

HOPS continue dull, but Eastern and Western more off slowly at 10(@)14c ℔ lb, as in quality.

IRON—There is very little movement to notice in Pig Metal, and some 600 tons Anthracite only found buyers at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is steady at $25, but the sales are only in a small way. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Plates worthy of notice. In Rails and Bars there is not much doing; there is some little inquiry, however, for the former, and prices are steady.

LEAD is unchanged, and we have only to notice a further small sale of Virginia at equal to $5,80 the 700 lbs, cash.

LEATHER is inactive; the receipts are light and the inquiry is mostly for Slaughter, which is very scarce.

LUMBER—There is not much doing, and the market for most kinds is about stationary, 300,000 feet white pine shipping Boards sold at $14,50. We quote Susquehanna Boards at $14@18, yellow sap do, $14@16, and Lehigh Hemlock at $11, with moderate sales. Hemlock Raft Lumber has been sold at $9. Shingles at $13 for two feet cypress, $19 for long do, and Laths at $1,62 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet, and a few small sales of Cuba and New Orleans only are reported, within the range of quotations, including a cargo of Trinidad, on terms kept private.

PLASTER—The demand is limited, with further sales of soft at $2,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is very little offering or selling, the season being about over. We quote Cloverseed at $4,25@4,50, and Timothy at $3,25@3,50 ℔ bus. Flaxseed is steady at $1,62 ℔ bus, and but little offering. Calcutta Linseed has advanced at Boston considerably, 200 sacks red top sold at $2,25 ℔ sack.

SPIRITS—There is nothing new in foreign, and a limited business to note. N. E. Rum is steady at 35@36c. Whiskey continues dull, Pennsylvania bbls, which are scarce, selling at 21@21½c. Ohio do, 21½@22c, drudge, 19½@20c, and hhds at 20½@21c.

SUGARS are firmly held, but the difference in the views of buyers and sellers has had a tendency to limit operations, which only reach some 400 hhds, at 6¾@7¾c for Cuba, 6¾@7¾c for Porto Rico, and 8¼@7¾c for New Orleans, on time.

TALLOW—City rendered is selling in a small way at 10½c.

TOBACCO remains inactive and without any particular change to note in price or demand.

WINES move off as wanted at full rates, the demand, however, is small.

WOOL—The market continues unsettled and dull, buyers, generally, holding off for the new clip, which is now about coming in. There is none coming as yet from the west, but a few small lots from Jersey and the neighboring counties have been disposed of at from 30 to 40c ℔ lb, as in quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 2.—FLOUR heavy; sales of Pa bbls at $5,20@5,27½ for State, $5,80@6 for Ohio. Southern is quiet and unchanged. Wheat firm; sales of 20,000 bus at 150@160c for white, and 128@129c for Milwaukee Club. Corn has a declining tendency; sales of 65,000 bus at 60@63c for mixed. Whiskey dull at 21½c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1660 head. The prices ranged from $8 to 10. There about 6000 Sheep in market, which sold at from 4½ to 5½c ℔ lb. Hogs—1500 head having been sold at from $6,50 to 7,50 for still fed, and from $7,75 to 8 for corn fed. About 200 Cows were sold at from $30 to 60.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & L NG, Nos. 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.
H. DEXTER & CO., 143 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 98 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, at the residence of the bride's father, No. 513 Green street, by the Rev. Reuben Jeffrey, Mr. WILLIAM S. SCHNEER, to Miss SALLIE A. daughter of Thos. Irvin, Esq.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Isaac Lecser, Mr. C. M. BOURSELME, to RACHEL, daughter of P. S. Rowland, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Willis, Mr. JOHN G. BORRADY, to Miss MARY MYERS, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. VALENTINE ZABALA, from Bilboa, Spain, to Miss MARGIE MURPHY, from Cork, Ireland.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Tweedale, of Frankford, Mr. SAMUEL WILD, to Miss SARAH TWEEDALE, both of Darby.

On the 24th of Feb. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE W. MINTZER, to Miss JANE GIBSON, both of this city.

On the 18th of April, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. FRANCIS L. HAND, to Miss ARRIE L. WOMELSDORFF, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of April, at Hanover, Germany, GEORGE W. POULTNEY, in his 29th year.

On Tuesday morning, the 29th ultimo, ROBERT GRAHAM, late of Maghera, county of Londonderry, Ireland, in his 77th year.

On Tuesday, the 29th ultimo, Lieut. JAMES B. MCCAULEY, U. S. Navy.

At Bethlehem, Pa. on Sunday morning, the 27th ultimo, after a short illness, Mr. LEWIS DOSTER, Sr. in his 64th year.

On Friday night, the 25th ultimo, ELIZABETH L. wife of Wm. Brooks, and daughter of Rebecca, by the late Wm. L. Brown.

On the 25th ultimo, ELIZABETH SAVERY, late of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 26th ultimo, ELIZABETH G. wife of Ambrose White, Esq. of this city

On the 28th ultimo, GEORGE FLEMING, in his 34th year.

On the 26th ultimo, EDWARD H. DORELL, in his 38th year.

On the 27th ultimo, JOSEPH FOX, in his 54th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 2, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	MISSISSIPPI.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
NEW JERSEY.	LOUISIANA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
DELAWARE	OHIO.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
MARYLAND.	KENTUCKY.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	INDIANA.
NEW YORK.	State bank 1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	ILLINOIS
MAINE.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MISSOURI.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TENNESSEE.
VERMONT.	Old bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MICHIGAN.
CONNECTICUT	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	WISCONSIN.
MASSACHUSETTS.	Solv bks 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TEXAS.
RHODE ISLAND.	Commercial and Agricultural bank Galveston — dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	IOWA.
VIRGINIA	State bk 2½ dis
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis	KANSAS.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	Kansas Valley bk 5 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MINNESOTA.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Bank St. Paul 5 dis
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	CANADA.
GEORGIA	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	FLORIDA.
SOUTH CAROLINA.	State bk 1 dis
Solv bks ¾ dis	
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis	

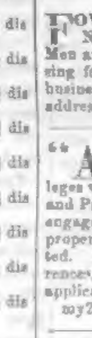
New Collection of Anthems, Choruses, &c.,

THE CONSTELLATION. A collection of Anthems, Choruses, and Sacred Quartets, mostly selected from the works of the Great Masters, and adapted to the wants of Conventions, Choral Societies, and Social Practice. Price 75 cents. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY BOWE, 102 Nassau St., New York; if you live West, the same, 112 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.



DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, THE GREAT CURER OF CONSUMPTION, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl. This prescription, given him by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally sure in cases of FITS as of DYSPEPSIA. An engraving is here given of the principal herb employed in this medicine, and all of the ingredients are to be found in any drug store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person, on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.

Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, je2-2t No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH

as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug*—sent for $1. Address "UNION AGENCY," je2 4t Peace Dale, R. I.

500 AGENTS WANTED!—Great Inducements. For the very best chance ever offered, address M. M. SANBORN, Bradner Falls, N. York. je2-2t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. The Best Chance to Make Money in an HONORABLE BUSINESS ever offered! Suitable to either Ladies or Gentlemen, old or young. Books with descriptions, recommendations and references will be sent to any address on receipt of 2 cent stamp. Profits large and sales quick. Articles used by

Wit and Humor.

A FUNNY CASE IN COURT.

There was an important trial of murder in the first degree going on—the case of the State vs. William Perkins, a negro, indicted for killing, with a butcher knife, a fellow negro, in a slaughter house, while they were both engaged in killing and scalding and scraping hogs. Many witnesses had been examined by the State, and finally the prosecuting attorney called upon one George Washington.

Answering this summons, an old gray-headed darkey, looking very consequential and very wise, stepped forward to the witness stand. He narrated in his peculiar style many circumstances of the homicide, as he saw and understood them, and finally was handed over for cross-examination, which thus began:

Lawyer.—Are you George Washington?

Witness.—Dat's de 'nomination I goes by.

Lawyer.—Are you General George Washington?

Witness.—De general! I bars dat. I'a no general, dough some ob de colored folks does call me Maje sometimes; but I'a no millingtary man; I doesn't belongs to de malitious, dough I sees no objection to take a drink ob—ob—cider wid dem when dey ax me.

Lawyer.—How came you by the name of George Washington?

Witness.—Well, I s'pose, boss, I got him from my fadder and modder in old Virginny. I didn't steal 'em.

Lawyer.—Are you a descendant of the great George Washington, the Father of his country?

Witness.—Why, boss, dat am a hard question to 'spond to, but I 'spose I is! I spec, if he am de fadder ob his country, he must hab been de fadder ob all de people in it—de white trash and de niggas too! and as I 'longs to de latter class, I 'spose I is a lineral decendant in de female line.

Of course this caused great laughter in the court room—jurors, lawyers, and judges could not restrain, and effectually stopped further cross examination. But quite a long examination ensued on the facts of the transaction; and as it was the chief object of the lawyer to reduce the crime of his client from murder in the first degree to that of the second degree, to show that there was a total absence of deliberation and premeditation in the act, the cross-examination concluded as follows:

Lawyer.—So you saw Perkins hurl the knife across the table into the body of the deceased?

Witness.—Yes, massa, dat am a fac; he hurl him mighty strong, too.

Lawyer.—Well, what time elapsed when the insult was given before Perkins hurled the knife across the table?

Witness.—Well, dat am a mighty nice question. I carries no watch. I'a got no time piece; and, boss, 'spose I done got a watch, does you tink I's sich a darned fool as to take dat watch 'mongst dose black niggas dar war in dat slaughter-house? No, sar ee! Don't fool dis chile dat way!

Lawyer.—Don't be so smart, Mr. Washington; I ask you not for the precise time, but what do you think was the length of time between the words used by deceased and Perkins' throwing the knife?

Witness.—Why, massa, to tell de fac, if you wants my 'pinion I gib it you. De time dat 'lapse 'tween de dead man's say and dat mordering Perkins trowing dat big butcher knife which done kill de dead man, was plenty time enuff for dat cussed nigga to demeditate and preliberate. Dat's just wat I tink, and I hope him will be hanged.

Here the laugh was boisterous, and the cross-examination forthwith ceased, for the lawyer plainly discerned that it was quite useless for him to try to elicit further information on his side of the case from that witness.

A Visit to St. Paul.—Everybody that has travelled much on the Lakes is conversant with the name of Captain Fred W———, and hundreds still live who were proud of classing him among their list of particular friends. Fred had an extreme sense of the ludicrous. In a thriving city of the West, a splendid church had been erected; and in order to keep up with the times it was decided to build a parsonage, which, as the church was called St. Paul's, must, of course, be St. Paul's parsonage. A door-plate to this effect was accordingly prepared, and in due time adorned the front door.

Passing that way one day, with three or four companions, Fred discovered the door-plate, and without a word to his companions, mounted the steps and rang the bell. A blooming descendant of the Emerald Isle answered the summons, when Fred, with a slight bow, inquired if "Mr. St. Paul was in?" The girl promptly answered, "No, sir;" when Fred, with all the *sang froid* of a lawyer, asked if "Mrs. St. Paul was in?" Looking at him a moment, she said she would inquire. I would only add that when the girl returned, Fred and his companions had gone; and the next day the door-plate was gone too.

An Unfortunate Illustration.—Professor C———, of Bowdoin College, was noted for having a certain set of illustrations from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him.

On one occasion the class filed into the recitation room, and the professor commenced the exercise.

"Mr. Smith," he said, addressing a young man whose chance of gaining the valedictory was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful, or otherwise?"

"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.

"*Rather* powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "*Put a drop on your tongue, and it would kill a dog!*"

The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

☞ Boys reach manhood by a rather "roundabout" way.

OLD KRASEL'S EPITAPH.

Many years ago there lived an old Indian, who had become quite celebrated as a poet, having written many little pieces that attracted some attention. He had been educated in one of the New England colleges, but subsequently partially relapsed into his former barbarous vices. In latter life he travelled through the country, paying for his provisions and his whiskey by the exercise of his poetical talent.

During one year of his tour he put up with a man by the name of Krasel, who had long wished for an opportunity to get the old fellow to write his epitaph. Accordingly a bargain was struck. The Indian, with all the wariness of his tribe, stipulated that after he got his supper he should give one half the epitaph, and the rest after he got his breakfast in the morning.

Accordingly, after supper, he repeated the first instalment, which read thus:

"There was a man who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms and wings of love
To waft him to the realms above."

Old Krasel was in ecstacies. He could think of nothing but his epitaph. He was almost willing to die for the sake of having such beautiful verses inscribed on his tomb. All night his visions were of the angelic being who was destined to carry him to the regions of eternal felicity. In the morning he called in his neighbors to hear his beautiful epitaph, but the poet proceeded to get ready for starting, apparently having forgotten all about his promise. He was about mounting his pony, when reminded of it. After a little reflection he signified his ability to finish his task; but, as the friends of his host had not heard the first part, he said he would repeat it as a preliminary to the last:

"There was a man who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms and wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above;
But while disputing 'bout the prise—
Still hovering round the lower skies—
In slipped the devil like a weasel,
And down to hell he kicked old Krasel!"

As he finished he left, and old Krasel after him; but the race was unequal, and the poet escaped.

A CHICAGO BANK "GONE UP."

"Have you anything deposited in the Marine Bank?" asked a grain speculator of a wholesale merchant, the other day.

"Yes, some $20,000," replied the merchant.

"Well," replied the grain man, "I suppose you have heard that the bank has 'gone up.'"

"Gone up!" exclaimed the merchant, thunderstruck, "it can't be."

"Well, you go up and see."

And the merchant, in the most nervous state of mind, rushed up Lake street to the Marine Bank.

"Is it true," he asked of the cashier, meeting him on the steps, "that your bank has gone up?"

"Yes," said the cashier, smiling, "it's a good joke, isn't it."

The merchant became perfectly frantic, and tore his hair.

"Yes, a very fine joke, to be diddled out of nearly all the money I am worth—I want and must have my money," and he rushed up stairs, nearly insane.

"Why, look here!" exclaimed the cashier, calling after him. He stopped. "I didn't suppose you were in earnest—it's been a joke here among our friends for over a week. Don't you see that we have gone up? Our building has been raised eight feet."

The merchant instantly cooled down, and on looking across the street saw the grain man standing on the sidewalk, almost bursting himself with laughter. The merchant shook his fist at him, and made chase after him down street. When last seen they were engaged in very loud conversation in the Tremont House bar-room, shaking glasses.—*Chicago Leader.*

Sharp as a Needle.—The following *bon mot* was started out West:—A busy housewife was sitting in a doorway, plying her needle. Her husband lounging on the rail—his foot slipped, and he bruised his knee on the door-stone.

"Oh!" said he, groaning, "I have broken the bone, I am sure!"

"Well, then," said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out, "you and I have done very nearly the same thing."

"How so?"

"Why, don't you see," said she, "I have broken the *eye of the needle, man*, and you have broken the *knee of the idle man.*"

Going to Sea.—A man applied once to be shipped before the mast.

"Are you an able seaman, or a green hand?" asked the shipping-master.

"Why, no, not an able seaman, but yet not exactly a green hand. I have some knowledge of the water."

"Ever been a voyage?"

"No."

"Ever been on the river craft?"

"No."

"Well, what do you know, then, about the sea?"

"Why, I have tended a saw mill."

Steamboats and Fish.—*Landlady*, (deferentially)—"Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?"

Smith (curtly.)—"I can't say, madam, whether it did or not."

"*Landlady.*—"Oh! I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire some information on that point."

Smith (the malicious villain.)—"Very likely, marm—very likely; but it's my opinion, marm, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented."

☞ A story is told of a Welsh jury, who, when a learned counsel had opened his case and concluded by saying, "Now, gentlemen, I will call before you witnesses who will bear out the statements I have made," replied unanimously, "Oh! Mr. Williams, you need not give yourself the trouble—we can believe you."

Old Gentleman (*very naturally excited.*)—"Why, confound you! You are wiping my plate with your handkerchief!"

Waiter (*blandly.*)—"It's of no consequence, sir; it will not soil it—it's only a dirty one!"

How Judge H——— Helped to Unload the Steamboat.—A friend of ours who was an eye-witness to the fact, related to us an amusing circumstance which occurred while Judge H——— presided on the bench in this District, says the Westport Star:

On a peculiar occasion after his appointment, business called him to Liberty, and while there, meeting with many of his old associates at the bar, they got into convivial mood which lasted several days, and on going out he looked rather worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's landing, there was a boat discharging freight, and in great haste for fear another boat, that had just hove in sight, would pass them.

The clerk cried out,

"I say, old man, can't you lend the men a hand in taking off that lot of furniture? I will pay you well for doing so and double fifty, in the bargain."

"Oh, yes sir," said the Judge, "always ready to help in time of need."

"Then turn in and be quick," said the clerk.

The first thing was a marble-top bureau. In going off the plank, the Judge slipped, and the clerk roared out,

"There now, throw that into the river, will you?"

"Certainly," said the Judge, and giving a kick with the order, overboard it went.

"Hellow! what's that for?" said the clerk.

"I always obey orders when I work for a man."

"Leave," said the mate.

"Agreed," said the Judge.

"Who is that man?" said the clerk.

A bystander remarked,

"That is Judge H——— of the fifth Judicial District of Missouri."

"Oh, ah, yes, let go that line!"

"Pull, Adam, Pull."—There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out, which was short of the quantity that it ought to be; but the master thought that it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull." The master pulled with all his might, but the boy stood still. The master again said, "Pull, Adam, pull." The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" said the master. "Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, but that boy became the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principle of honesty of his youthful age laid the foundation of his future greatness.

Decay of Families.—A Duchess de Caint Simon is a *femme de menage* at Bellville. The heir of the last Doge of Venice is a perfumer at Saint Denis. The keys of Venice, gilt with care, confided to the hereditary keeping of the family, repose beneath a glass shade on the mantelpiece in his back shop. The Capial de Bue, a unique title, one of the noblest in France, is a little actor on little wages at the little theatre of Beaumarchair; and the granddaughter of a Duchess de San Severino works by the day at a fashionable milliner's. We may add to the above that the sole descendant of the beautiful Aisse, who was asked in marriage by the Prince de Condi, earns a pitiful living at Chalfiot.

Tar and Feathers.—So early as the reign of Charles the Sixth, of France, (the time of our Henry the Fourth,) the French king (Charles) gave a masquerade, in which himself and five courtiers disguised their persons to imitate satyrs, by covering their naked bodies with close linen habits, which habits were then to be beamseared with rosin, on which down was stuck all over. One of the company, in a frolic, touched one of these satyrs with a lighted torch as they were dancing in a ring; the consequence was, all the six masques or satyrs were enveloped in flames instantaneously. Four of the six died immediately, and the king never recovered the fright and disorder occasioned by the accident.

Rest and Labor.—I might perhaps claim the benefit of rest after so long a life of labor; but the real truth is—and I venture to utter it in the presence of many younger friends, as it imparts a useful practical lesson—as expressed by the great Christian poet, Cowper—

"A want of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

—*Lord Brougham at Edinburgh.*

☞ "I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?" "Please yer honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that missis gave me yesterday."

The Bird of the Tolling Bell.—Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the araponda, or campanola. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and, though constantly heard in the most deserted places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming to follow you wherever you go. The araponda is white, with a circle of red round its eyes; its size is about that of a small pigeon.

Agricultural.

HORSES NEED AIR AND LIGHT.

If anything can be done to add to the comfort and health of the horse, no animal deserves more to have such an effort made. Our stables should be constructed with special reference to his comfort and health, and to these all other accessories must yield.

Our fathers' and grandfathers' barns were of the wide, old fashioned sort, with all manner of loop holes and air holes—between the vertical boarding you could put your whole hand. They were ordinarily light and when well ventilated, there was light without windows, and the pure air circulated freely; there was perfect ventilation, and yet talk with those men about the necessity of ventilating a stable, and they are ready to prove that they have kept horses all their lives, who did well, worked well, were always in fine health and spirits, and that a ventilator is only a fancy idea—one of the new-fangled notions of the present generation.

Our stables have been improved in architectural beauty, and in more permanent form of construction; they are pleasing to the eye, tight, proof against the wind and weather, and with solid walls of brick and stone, all of which the poor horse would gladly exchange for the pure, fresh air, of which he is now deprived.

In providing for the necessities of a horse, it would be well to ask ourselves, how we should like to be placed in the same situation. If it is healthy for a man to live day and night in a close, damp cellar or underground apartment, then it is healthy for a horse. If it is healthy for a man to live on the lower floor, in an unventilated apartment, with a manure and root cellar beneath him, whose pestiferous miasmas are penetrating every crack, mingling with the foul air he breathes, and rising still higher, permeating the food he consumes, then it is healthy for a horse. But why argue against barn cellars and ill ventilated apartments—the proof is abundant to all who want it, and he that cannot be convinced, must cease to wonder why his horses have diseases of the skin, the lungs, the eye, etc., or the glanders, the grease, the scratches, and other diseases that are directly traceable to the impure atmosphere, in which he compels them to stand and breathe.

We would, therefore, in the construction of a stable, endeavor to provide against these evils. Build root cellars and other cellars entirely distinct from the barn—at least not directly under the horse stalls; let there be a free circulation of air under the floor, and particularly so through the stable apartments. Ventilate the horse stable through the roof, and entirely independent of the other portions of the barn; let the connection between the horse stable and hay mow be closed tight, except when hay is being delivered. Ventilate the carriage house through the hay mow and roof.

Let your horses' heads be toward the side or end of the barn, and provide the head of each stall with a fair sized window: a horse wants, under all circumstances, whether tired, sick, or well, plenty of light. When there is light and plenty of fresh air, it is a common practice to turn the stalls the other way, and keep the horse somewhat in the dark. A good horseman knows that a horse enjoys light and air as much as he does himself, and he will thrive better in the coldest winter on the lee side of a hay stack, than he will in a badly ventilated barn, however comfortable it may be otherwise. It is stated that, if the gases exhaled from a horse's body were confined around him by a gas tight bag, they would cause his death in twenty-four hours, allowing him at the same time to have his head out and to breathe pure air.

If you want satin-skinned horses, in fine health and spirits, ready at all times to work or to drive, a thorough system of ventilation will be one very important step toward it.

A manure shed should be built outside the stable, and sufficient only to afford protection from wind and rain, with a door connecting with the barn, and running to floor of stable, which should only be open when the stable is being cleaned. The exhalations of the manure heap are then not permitted to return to the stable—nor should any of the gases generated in the stable, be allowed to pass into the carriage room or hay mow.

As a matter of economy, it is just as cheap to build a stable calculated to give a horse the greatest amount of comfort, as to build it in any other way. Cellars are handy arrangements, and in the first cost it may be cheaper to put them under the barn, but a few years' experience will show the heaviest balance on the debit side.—*American Agriculturist.*

Asparagus.—For a permanent asparagus bed, choose a warm, rich mold, or sandy loam. Dig out the ground to the depth of near three feet. Cover the bottom to six inches deep with chip dirt, sawdust, or decayed wood; then, the same depth of the best stable manure; and then fill to about the previous level with a mixture of the soil removed and compost or old manure, equal parts. Set in the roots, 8 to 12 inches apart, both ways; sow over the surface, a half bushel of salt and ashes, not leached, equal parts, to a *hundred square feet*; and spread over the whole two or three inches of the richest loam. The asparagus, a marine plant, will be benefitted by a like contribution of salt and alkali over the surface, with each successive spring. Keep clear of weeds, and fork in manure every spring. Cut none the first year, and but little the second, in order to give the plants time to root well and gain vigor. After that, such a bed, of the size above mentioned, will yearly supply a family of from six to twelve persons, with abundance of this delicious and wholesome vegetable, from early in April to near July. Plants growing thriftily, as they will under this treatment, ought to send up shoots about eight inches high before cutting; then use only the tender green part. If cut when shorter, it will be at a great loss of what the bed is capable of producing. Asparagus thus treated, yields much more than a like patch of peas or beans.

Irrigation.—I would advise all your readers to "wash" their low lands where there is a chance. A neighbor of mine has turned a brook on a rocky defile, and now he cuts several tons of hay from on top of where those large rocks lay. In the spring of the year many loads of valuable manure and fertilizing matter are washed off of our land because we don't dam and throw the water where we should. The amount of fertilizing matter annually washed away by small brooks is immense. We can save much of this matter by a system of dams and ditches so as gradually to let the water off, leaving the debris on the surface and in the pond holes. J. T. H.

Coal Tar for Walks.—Spreading half an inch to an inch thick of coal tar upon the surface of a gravel walk, then covering with sufficient of fine sifted gravel to prevent the tar sticking to the feet, will soon form a hard, dry walk, and free from any growth of grass or weeds.

Useful Receipts.

Worth Knowing.—As "fly time" is nearly upon us, we may remind our readers that it is said, that if three or four onions are boiled in a pint of water, and the liquid is brushed over glasses or frames, the flies will not light on the articles washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

A Valuable Paint.—For the information of all who are wishing to obtain a cheap and valuable paint for buildings, I would say, take common clay, (the same that our common bricks are made of,) dry, pulverize, and run it through a sieve, and mix with linseed oil. You then have a first rate fire-proof paint, of a delicate drab color. Put on as thick as practicable. If any one has doubts with regard to the above, just try it on a small scale—paint a shingle and let it dry. Recollect that it must be mixed thicker than common paints.

The clay, when first dug, will soon dry, spread it in the air under a shelter, or, if wanted immediately, it may be dried in a kettle over a fire. When dry, it will be in lumps, and can be pulverized by placing an iron kettle a few inches in the ground, containing the clay, and pounding it with the end of a billet of hard wood, three inches in diameter, three feet long, the lower end to be a little rounded. Then sift it.

Any clay will make paint, but the colors may differ, which can easily be ascertained by trying them on a small scale as above indicated. By burning the clay slightly, you will get a light red, and the greater the heat you subject it to, the brighter or deeper red.—*Country Gentleman.*

Cream Nectar Receipt.—Take six pounds of refined sugar, four ounces of tartaric acid, and four quarts of water; when warm, add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. Be careful not to let it come to a boil. When cool, strain it, and add a tea-spoonful of essence of lemon to flavor. Directions for use:

Take two table-spoonfuls of the above syrup to a glass filled two-thirds full of water, and add a very small quantity of carbonate of soda, and stir it until it effervesces. Drink immediately.

Make the syrup in a porcelain kettle.

Couldn't Effervesce.—An Indian being at an Englishman's table at Serat, expressed his surprise, by loud exclamations, on seeing a vast quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he replied—

"I don't wonder at all the froth that comes out of the bottle; but how the deuce did you ever contrive to squeeze it all in?"

☞ An eminent teetotaller would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 14, 22, 20, 5, 28, is what many persons are striving for.

My 6, 17, 14, 3, 20, 27, 5, 4, 25, 19, 20, was a noted pioneer of the West.

My 18, 25, 15, 11, 12, 11, 6, 25, 17, 20, 5, is the oldest town in the United States.

My 27, 5, 4, 25, 23, 21, 27, 28, is frequently called the dark and bloody ground.

My 25, 5, 21, 23, 14, 18, 5, 13, was a celebrated Shawanese chief.

My 14, 2, 13, 15, 14, 14, 5, 16, was a religious impostor.

My 7, 8, 10, 24, 5, 6, 9, 2, 21, 27, is near the Blue Lick Mountains in Kentucky.

My 15, 15, 9, 10, 20, 1, 11, 9, 9, was an unpopular Vice President of the United States.

My whole is the name and location of a place of note in the early history of Kentucky.

THOS. HOUSTON BALLARD.

Blue Lick, Madison Co., Ky.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 3, 2, 4, 25, 4, 18, 8, is a county of Indiana.

My 8, 15, 23, 25, 7, is a river in South America.

My 16, 15, 31, 10, is one of the Falkland islands.

My 13, 15, 25, 3, 12, 20, 8, is one of the United States.

My 10, 25, 15, 3, 12, 8, 5, is a county in Iowa.

My 8, 2, 10, 28, 30, is a town in Brazil.

My 4, 29, 5, 21, 8, 18, 14, 9, is one of the United States.

My 23, 15, 25, 26, 5, is a mountain in South America.

My 17, 5, 2, 13, 15, is a lake in British America.

My 27, 25, 4, 12, is a cape on the coast of South America.

My 8, 15, 11, 1, 22, 13, 15, 20, is a city in the Eastern States.

My 5, 18, 11, 15, 30, 29, is a city in Massachusetts.

My whole has been extensively distributed by one of the most influential newspapers in the United States. FRANK H. CAWLEY.

Astoria, Long Island.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OPHELIA MOTT.

A sweet the southern cane distills;
One of the four great elements;
A sprite that haunts the hollow hills;
A leader in the sacraments;
The soothing hour of day's decline;
A quadruped enslaved by man;
A hedge-row grown of fragrant vine;
A land that mighty deserts span;
A page that tells how ages roll,
And human life's last earthly goal!

Thus, in ten letters, I contain
A lover's hope—a maiden's bliss;
A maiden's loss—a lover's gain;
A hope, a bliss, a loss, a gain,
A joy, a treasure, and a pain!
Take care you read me not amiss!

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the five grand divisions.
A country of Africa.
A city of Holland.
The initials form a grand division and the final one of its countries. H. F. T.

West Chester, Pa.

CHARADE.

My first often contains my second; my second often cries in my first, and, though there is not a possibility of its following, runs away from it; by the account of many, my whole will never be so happy as in its present condition.

SCHOOLBOY.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four men, A, B, C, and D, start from the same point to walk around an island, on Saturday, January 1st, 1859. They walk 2½, 3½, 4½, and 5 1-5 miles per hour, respectively. The island is 100 miles in circumference, and they start each day (omitting Sabbaths) at 6 o'clock, A. M.

If they travel 10 hours the first day, and increase the time of travelling each day by one minute, in what year, month, day of the month, day of the week, and hour of the day, will they all, for the first time, meet again at the place of starting?

California, Washington Co., Pa. T. L. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is anything reconsidered accounted "profitable?" Ans.—Because it is considered again.

☞ Why is John Smith like a badly-cooked buckwheat cake? Ans.—Because he isn't Brown.

☞ Why are presidents like vagabonds? Ans.—Because they are associated with vices.

☞ Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Ans.—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

☞ What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts? Ans.—Willow (will owe.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Evil communications corrupt good manners." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Who will be our next President. RIDDLE—Door. Mint. CELEBRATED POETS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED—Chatterton, Moss, Spencer, Pope, Grey, Byron. ANAGRAMS—Codrus, Melanthus, Thymoetus, Oxinthas, Theseus, Ægeus, Pandion, Amphictyon. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—To be paid forthwith, $7791,98. The other payments, $7350,92; $6934,83; $6542,30; $6171,97. PERMUTATION QUESTION—$24,329,020,081 7664. Answer to Problem by Artemas Martin, published May 5th: 3600 feet 2.35974 inches in whole length of string.

Difference in Belief.—Moses thought the highest earthly treasure consisted in wealth and long life; Solomon, in wisdom; Diogenes, independent poverty; Aristophanes, pleasure; Seneca, the knowledge of self worth; Cicero, posthumous glory; Pyrrhus, in quietude of soul; Spinoza, in self consciousness; Hobbes, in liberty; Rousseau, in the necessity of existing things; Sterne, in sentimentality; and Young, in death.